To Mamma

from

Mary

Hattie Manner Bradley

Eckford

Mich

A

MANUAL OF ELOCUTION

FOUNDED UPON THE

PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE

WITH

Classified Illustrations.

SUGGESTED BY AND ARRANGED TO MEET THE PRACTICAL DIFFICULTIES OF INSTRUCTION.

BY

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PREFACE.

Long experience of the need which it is the design of the following pages to supply, must explain the reasons for the preparation of this volume. If that design be accomplished, the book will be its own best interpreter; if not, a lengthened preface would but make the failure more apparent. The *whole* theory of elocution, including an analysis of gesture, has been herein discussed, though all merely incidental opinions have been carefully avoided. Where just views have been found expressed by those who have made this a life-study, their language has frequently been quoted, in the hope that due importance may be ascribed to the ideas thus presented. Special acknowledgments are due to Dr. James Rush, to whose profound and accurate analysis of the "Philosophy of the Human Voice," all writers upon the subject have so long been indebted; and to Professor Wm. Russell, in whose able expositions of the theory of Dr. Rush may be found a more minute elucidation of the principles of this branch of education, so much neglected and misunderstood. Elocution being less a science than an art, much will ever remain to be effected by the living teacher, though experience has proved the great advantages to be derived from the general system of instruction here proposed.

The examples for practice have been classified with the view of separately illustrating each division of the work; in many instances, it may be best not to attempt

the reading of any long selection, until, by thorough study and diligent practice upon the shorter illustrations, each principle is clearly understood. The reading of a single poem might serve to develop the whole theory of elocution; the examples under each successive division may therefore be used, not only to secure a clear apprehension of the special point under consideration, but also to review the lessons previously explained and illustrated.

Great care has been taken to consult the authorized editions of the various writers here represented, that the extracts from their works may be relied upon as accurate; though, in some instances, preference has been given to an early edition, when, in later issues, the alterations have not been deemed improvements. Many poems have been introduced which have never before found their way into any book of selections, some few being now for the first time published in this country.

The compiler cannot conceal the hope that this glimpse of our general literature may tempt to individual research among its treasures, so varied and inexhaustible; — that this text-book for the school-room may become not only teacher, but friend, to those in whose hands it is placed, and while aiding, through systematic development and training of the elocutionary powers of the pupil, to overcome many of the practical difficulties of instruction, may accomplish a higher work in the cultivation and refinement of character.

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A

MANUAL OF ELOCUTION.

INTRODUCTION.

"*So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.*" — *Nehemiah* viii. 8.

Elocution (derived from the Latin verb *e-loquor*, to speak out, and *ion*, the act of, — the literal meaning being, the act of speaking out) may be defined — vocal delivery.

"**Elocution** is the art or act of so delivering our own thoughts and feelings, or the thoughts and feelings of others, as not only to convey to those around us, with precision, force, and harmony, the full import and meaning of the words and sentences in which these thoughts are clothed, but also to excite and impress upon the mind the feelings, imaginations, and passions by which these thoughts are dictated, or by which they should naturally be accompanied. Elocution, therefore, in its more ample and liberal signification, is not confined to the mere exercise of the organs of speech. It embraces the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind.

"**Eloquence** may be considered the soul or animated principle of discourse. **Elocution** is the embodying form or representative power, depending upon exterior accomplishments and on the cultivation of the organs. **Oratory** is the complicated and vital existence resulting from the perfect harmony and combination of eloquence and elocution." — *Bronson.*

"If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. . . . . If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend, in giving facility to his fingers and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution. If he

were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression.

"And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various and most expressive of all instruments which the Infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it a mere uninstructed *tyro*, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind for ever that the attempt is vain."—*Ware.*

"The art of reading well is an accomplishment that all desire to possess, many think they have already, and that a few set about to acquire. These, believing their power is altogether in their genius, are, after a few lessons from an elocutionist, disappointed at not becoming themselves at once masters of the art; and with the restless vanity of their belief, abandon the study for some new subject of trial and failure. Such cases of infirmity result in part from the wavering character of the human tribe; but they chiefly arise from defects in the usual course of instruction. Go to some (may we say all?) of our colleges and universities, and observe how the art of speaking *is not* taught there. See a boy of but fifteen years, with no want of youthful diffidence, and not without a craving desire to learn, sent upon a stage, pale and choking with apprehension; being forced into an attempt to do that, without instruction, which he came purposely to learn; and furnishing amusement to his class-mates, by a pardonable awkwardness, that should be punished, in the person of his pretending but neglectful preceptor, with little less than scourging. Then visit a conservatorio of music; observe there the elementary outset, the orderly task, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence, and the incessant toil to reach the utmost accomplishment in the Singing-Voice; and afterwards do not be surprised that the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the chair of medical professorship, are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, clutterers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony; nor that the Schools of Singing are constantly sending abroad those great instances of vocal wonder who triumph along the crowded resorts of the world; who contribute to the halls of fashion and wealth their most refined source of gratification; who sometimes quell the pride of rank, by a

momentary sensation of envy; and who draw forth the admiration and receive the crowning applause of the prince and sage."—*Rush.*

"The high accomplishments in Elocution are supposed to be universally the unacquired gifts of genius, and to consist of powers and 'graces beyond the reach of art.' So seem the plainest services of arithmetic to a savage; and so, to the slave, seem all the ways of music which modern art has so accurately penned, as to time, and tune, and momentary grace. Ignorance knows not what *has* been done; indolence thinks, nothing *can* be done; and both uniting, borrow from the abused eloquence of poetry an aphorism to justify supineness of inquiry."—*Ibid.*

"**Orthophony** is, to elocution, what *solfeggi* and other rudimental exercises are to music: a course of elementary discipline for the systematic cultivation of the voice. We may, it is true, read well, just as we may sing well, 'by ear,' or the teaching of nature merely. But cultivation gives us, in both these uses of the voice, the immense advantages of knowledge, science, and skill. Furnished with these aids, and directed by discerning judgment and good taste, the cultivated reader or speaker has all the advantages of the cultivated singer, as regards the true and effective use of his organs.

"The preparatory training and discipline of the voice, for the purpose of reading, recitation, and declamation, are of incalculable value, whether as regards the organic results connected with the easy, vigorous, and salutary exertion of the voice, or the healthy expansion of the chest, and the inspiring glow of vivid emotion, which is indispensable to effective expression. Dr. Rush's exact and scientific analysis of elocution, in its connection with the action of the organs of voice, enables the teacher to carry elementary cultivation to an extent previously unattainable, and, even yet, too little known by those who have not paid special attention to the subject. The actual benefits, however, arising from the practical applications of Dr. Rush's system, are equally felt in the exactness of intelligence which it imparts, regarding all the expressive uses of the voice, and the force, freedom, and brilliancy of effect, which it gives to the action of the vocal organs, whether in the utterance of expressive emotion, or of distinctive meaning addressed to the understanding, by the process of unimpassioned articulation."—*Russell.*

"The customary routine of academic declamation consists in permitting or compelling a student to 'speak,' and in pointing out his faults, after they have been committed. But it offers no genial in-

ducement to the exercise, and provides no preventive training by which faults might be avoided. Eloquence, in his habits of voice and action, a student may bring with him to our literary institutions; but he will find little opportunity, there, of acquiring or of perfecting such accomplishments, till a correct and graceful elocution is duly recognized as a part of liberal education." — *Ibid.*

"If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well than the necessity it lays upon us of precisely acquiring the meaning of what we read, and the habit thence acquired of doing this with facility, both when reading silently and aloud, they would constitute a sufficient compensation for all the labor we can bestow on the subject. But the pleasure derived to ourselves and others from a clear communication of ideas and feelings, and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and audience, are considerations which give additional importance to this delightful and useful art. The perfect attainment of it doubtless requires great attention and practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers; but as there are many degrees of excellence in the art, the student whose aims fall short of perfection will find himself amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make.

"To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which *all* the necessary pauses, emphases, tones, &c., may be discovered and put into practice, is not possible. After all the directions which can be offered on these points, much will remain to be taught by the *living* instructor: much will be attainable by no other means than the force of example influencing the imitative powers of the learner. Some rules and principles on these heads will, however, be found useful, to prevent erroneous and vicious modes of utterance, and assist in acquiring a just and accurate mode of delivery." — *Murray.*

"The faultless reader should possess for various occasions all the qualities of the voice. The organs of articulation should be subjected to such a kind and degree of exercise as will best develop their powers, and enable them to act with force, rapidity, precision, and effect. Well-directed and vigorous exercises on inflection, and the various forms of stress, will extend the compass of the voice, and render it smooth, powerful, and melodious.

"Deep notes, extended quantity, and monotone should be under the command of the reader or speaker, for the expression of overwhelming sentiments; his tremor should be under his control for the occasions of grief and exultation; his judgment and observation

must decide where emphasis is to be placed; his perception and good taste must determine what inflection, form of stress, and movement of the voice will best express the thought; and these should at all times be obedient to his will, when occasion calls for their use." — *Tower.*

"By the term **Vocal Gymnastics**, may be understood the principles of the human voice as employed in speech and song, as well as the training of the organs by which this voice is produced. The principles are the *science* of the voice, — the training, the exercise of the organs, necessary to develop their powers, and enable them to act with rapidity, precision, and effect.

"Vocal gymnastics give the pupil complete command of the muscles of articulation, extend the compass of the voice, and render it smooth, powerful, and melodious. They not only call forth all the energies of the vocal organs, correct stammering, lisping, &c., but they invigorate the lungs, and consequently fortify them against the invasion of disease." — *Comstock.*

"The methods of practical training, founded on the theory and suggestions of Dr. Rush, are attended by a permanent salutary influence of the highest value. They produce a free and powerful exertion of the organs of respiration, a buoyancy of animal life, an exhilaration of spirits, and an energetic activity of the whole corporeal frame, — all highly conducive to the well-being of the *juvenile* pupil, not less than to his attainment of a spirited, effective, and graceful elocution. The correspondent benefits conferred on *adults*, by a vigorous course of vocal gymnastics, are of perhaps still higher moment, for the immediate purposes of life and usefulness. The sedentary habits of students and professional men render them liable not only to organic disability of utterance, and to injury of the lungs, but to numerous faults of habit in their modes of exerting the organs of speech, — faults which impair or counteract the intended effect of all their efforts in the form of public reading or speaking. The daily practice of vocal exercises is the only effectual means of invigorating the organic system, or correcting faults of habit in utterance, and the surest means, at the same time, of fortifying the inward frame against the exhausting effects of professional exertion." — *Russell.*

The following movements, breathings, and exercises of the voice suitable for the school-room, by *expanding the chest, quickening the circulation*, and *imparting energy and pliancy to the respiratory and vocal organs*, are of great service in developing the student's powers of elocution.

MOVEMENTS.

First: — Remembering the proper standing position, (*head erect, shoulders thrown back and down, chest expanded, and feet at an angle of about seventy-five degrees, — the weight of the body resting on the left foot, the right foot a little in advance of the left,*) place the hands upon the hips, and move the elbows forcibly backward and forward.

Second: — After letting the hands fall at the side, move them briskly up and down.

Third: — Let the arms be placed in a vertical position; then drawn down. and projected upward with force.

Fourth: — Extend the arms horizontally forward; then move them back and forth quickly and with force.

Fifth: — Place the arms horizontally forward, with the palms of the hands together; then throw them apart forcibly, bringing the back of the hands as nearly as possible behind the back.

There may be also a variety of exercises in gestures, descriptive or passionate, for the purpose of acquiring freedom and grace in movement. These must be suggested by the ingenuity and good taste of the teacher. (*See page* 381.)

BREATHINGS.

First: — *Full breathing.* — Place the arms and hands as required in the first movement; slowly draw in the breath until the chest is fully expanded; emit it with the utmost slowness. (*Repeat.*)

Second: — *Audible Effusive breathing.* — Draw in the breath as in full breathing, and expire it audibly in a prolonged sound of the letter *h*. In this style of respiration, the breath merely *effuses* itself into the surrounding air.

Third: — *Expulsive or Forcible breathing.* — Draw in a very full breath, as before, and send it forth with a lively expulsive force, in the sound of *h*, but little prolonged — as in a moderate, whispered cough. The breath is thus *projected* into the air.

Fourth: — *Explosive or Abrupt breathing.* — Fill the lungs, and then emit the breath suddenly and forcibly, in the manner of an abrupt and whispered cough. Thus the breath is thrown out with *abrupt* violence.

Fifth: — *Sighing.* — Suddenly fill the lungs with a full breath, and emit it as quickly as possible.

Sixth: — *Gasping.* — With a convulsive effort, inflate the lungs; then send forth the breath more gently.

Seventh: — *Panting.* — Breathe quickly and violently, making the emission of the breath loud and forcible.

For exercise of the voice, especially in articulation, the table of elementary sounds and the preliminary exercises should be used daily and with most assiduous practice.

The table should be used:

First, — in a distinct and moderate utterance of all the sounds.

Second, — in an explosive and forcible manner of making each sound.

Third, — in the application of all the elements of elocution while producing the several sounds; as, **Emphasis, Inflection, Pitch, Force, Tone** (especially the **Orotund**), **Movement**, &c. (See page 21.)

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the act of forming with the organs of speech, the elements of vocal language.

"Without good articulation, it is impossible to be a correct reader or speaker. Those who have been accustomed to pronounce their words in a careless or slovenly manner, will find it difficult, even with their best efforts, to utter them distinctly. The organs of articulation, for the want of proper exercise, become, as it were, paralyzed. The pupil, therefore, at the very commencement of his studies, should be conducted through a series of exercises, calculated to strengthen the muscles of articulation."— *Comstock.*

"In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable upon syllable; nor, as it were, melted together in a mass of confusion: they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor permitted to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight."— *Austin.*

A vowel or tonic is a sound which has full and distinct vocality, being uninterrupted in its passage through the vocal organs.

A sub-vowel or sub-tonic is a sound which has vocality, though not so perfect as that of the vowel, being partially interrupted in its passage through the vocal organs.

An aspirate or atonic is a mere current of whispering breath.

Cognates are letters whose elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *p* is a cognate of *b*, *t* of *d*, &c.

English philologists have, according to their real or affected nicety of ear, differed on the subject of the number of elements of their language. The differences refer to the character of the sounds, or to the time or manner of pronouncing them.

The arrangement by Dr. Comstock is deemed the best adapted for practical purposes of illustration and comparison. The alphabet thus consists of thirty-eight elements; these being divided into vowels, sub-vowels, and aspirates, — or, into tonics, sub-tonics, and atonics.

SIMPLE ELEMENTS.

Vowels or Tonics.	Sub-vowels or Sub-Tonics.	Aspirates or Atonics.
The sound of	The sound of	The sound of
à as in ale	b as in bow	p as in pit
å " arm	d " day	t " tin
à " all	g " gay	k " kite
å " an	v " vile	f " fame
ę " eve	th " then	th " thin
ę̊ " end	z " zone	s " sin
ị " ile	z " azure	sh " shade
ị̊ " in	l " light	h " hush
ȯ " old.	r " roll	wh " what
ȯ̊ " lose	(r " car)	
ȯ " on	m " mind	
u̇ " tube	n " no	
u̇̊ " up	ng " song	
u̇ " full	w " woe	
ou " out	y " yoke	

COMPOUND ELEMENTS.

The sound of oi as in oil	The sound of j as in job	The sound of tch as in etch
ai " air	gz " tugs	ks " oaks.

Pronounce each word in the three columns clearly and distinctly. Make a full inspiration, and dwell for two or three seconds on the initial element; utter the remainder of the word with a sudden and forcible expulsion of the breath.

(In the second and third columns — omitting the words *song* and *hut* — this exercise will serve to designate the separate sound of each sub-vowel and aspirate.)

Utter each element with the falling slide of the voice, — the vowels with explosive force.

Continue at pleasure any of the following exercises.

bȧ, bå, bȧ, bȧ; bę́, bę̊; bị, bị̊; bȯ; &c. Continue the exercise, prefixing to every vowel, each sub-vowel and aspirate in succession.

ab, ab, ab, ab; eb, eb; ib, ib; ob, &c., &c. Continue the exercise, affixing to every vowel, each sub-vowel and aspirate in succession.

ba-pa	da-ta	va-fa	*tha*-tha	ja-tcha	gsa-ksa
ba-pa	da-ta	va-fa	*tha*-tha	ja-tcha	gsa-ksa
ba-pa	da-ta	va-fa	*tha*-tha	ja-tcha	gsa-ksa
ba-pa	da-ta	va-fa	*tha*-tha	ja-tcha	gsa-ksa
be-be	de-te	ve-fe	*the*-the	je-tche	gse-kse
be-be	de-te	ve-fe	*the*-the	je-tche	gse-kse
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
bu-pu	du-tu	vu-fu	*thu*-thu	ju-tchu	gsu-ksu
bou-pou	dou-tou	vou-fou	*thou*-thou	jou-tchou	gsou-ksou
boi-poi	doi-toi	voi-foi	*thoi*-thoi	joi-tchoi	gsoi-ksoi
bai-pai	dai-tai	vai-fai	*thai*-thai	jai-tchai	gsai-ksai

This exercise may be varied by changing the accent, or by increasing the number of syllables; — thus:

ba′-pa, ba-pa′; ba′-pa-pa, ba-pa′-pa, ba-pa-pa′; ba-pa′— pa-ba′, &c.

wa-va-wa-va	va-wa-wa-va	wa-wha-wha
wa-va-wa-va	va-wa-wa-va	wa-wha-wha
wa-va-wa-va	va-wa-wa-va	wa-wha-wha
wa-va-wa-va	va-wa-wa-va	wa-wha-wha
we-ve-we-ve	ve-we-we-ve	we-whe-whe
we-ve-we-ve	ve-we-we-ve	we-whe-whe
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
wu-vu-wu-vu	vu-wu-wu-vu	wu-whu-whu
wou-vou-wou-vou	vou-wou-wou-vou	wou-whou-whou
woi-voi-woi-voi	voi-woi-woi-voi	woi-whoi-whoi
wai-vai-wai-vai	vai-wai-wai-vai	wai-whai-whai

wha-wa-wa	da-ga-ta-ka	*th*a-za-tha-sa
wha-wa-wa	da-ga-ta-ka	*th*a-za-tha-sa
wha-wa-wa	da-ga-ta-ka	*th*a-za-tha-sa
wha-wa-wa	da-ga-ta-ka	*th*a-za-tha-sa
whe-we-we	de-ge-te-ke	*th*e-ze-the-se
whe-we-we	de-ge-te-ke	*th*e-ze-the-se
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
whu-wu-wu	du-gu-tu-ku	*th*u-zu-thu-su
whou-wou-wou	dou-gou-tou-kou	*th*ou-zou-thou-sou
whoi-woi-woi	doi-goi-toi-koi	*th*oi-zoi-thoi-soi
whai-wai-wai	dai-gai-tai-kai	*th*ai-zai-thai-sai

The following combinations are well adapted for these exercises: —

brå, brå, brå, brå, brĕ, brĕ, &c.
dra, dra, dra, dra, dre, dre, &c.
bra-pra, bra-pra, bra-pra, bra-pra, &c.
bra-pra-pra, bra-pra-pra, &c.
bra-pra-pra-bra, bra-pra-pra-bra, &c.
bla, bla, bla, bla, ble, ble, &c.
bla-pla, bla-pla, bla-pla, pla-pla, &c.
bla-pla-pla, bla-pla-pla, bla-pla-pla, &c.
spra, spra, spra, spra, spre, spre, &c.
stra, stra, stra, stra, stre, stre, &c.
skra, skra, skra, skra, skre, skre, &c.
spla, spla, spla, spla, sple, sple, &c.
arb, arb, arb, arb, erb, erb, &c.
ard, ard, ard, ard, erd, erd, &c.
amd, amd, amd, amd, emd, emd, &c.
amds, amds, amds, amds, emds, emds, &c.
amdst, amdst, amdst, amdst, emdst, emdst, &c.
alst, alst, alst, alst, elst, elst, &c.
amst, amst, amst, amst, emst, emst, &c
anst, anst, anst, anst, enst, enst. &c.
arst, arst, arst, arst, erst, erst, &c.
adst, adst, adst, adst, edst, edst, &c.
armdst, armdst, armdst, armdst, ermdst, &c.
amdst, amdst, amdst, amdst, emdst, &c.
abl, abl, abl, abl, ebl, ebl, &c.

apl, apl, apl, apl, epl, epl, &c.
adl, adl, adl, adl. edl, edl, &c.
adld, adld, adld, adld, edld, edld, &c.
apld, apld, apld, apld, epld, epld, &c.
arld, arld, arld, arld, erld, erld, &c.
angs, angs, angs, angs, engs, engs, &c.
angd, angd, angd, angd, engd, engd, &c.
angst, angst, angst, angst, engst, engst, &c.
angdst, angdst, angdst, angdst, engdst, engdst, &c.

These exercises, as before stated, should be practised with every variety of *emphasis, inflection, pitch, force, tone, movement, &c.*

According to Dr. Wallis, the author of an English grammar in the reign of Charles the Second, words beginning with *st* always denote firmness and strength, analogous to the Latin *sto;* as, *stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, statue, stamp, &c.*

Words beginning with *str* intimate violent force and energy; as, *strive, strength, stress, stripe, &c. Thr* implies forcible motion; as, *throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thraldom, thrill; gl*, smoothness or silent motion; as, *glib, glide; wr*, obliquity or distortion; as, *wry, wrest, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, &c.; sw*, silent agitation, or lateral motion; as, *sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim; sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion; as, *slide, slip, slide, slit, slow, slack, sling; sp*, dissipation or expansion; as, *spread, sprout, split, spill, spring.*

Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply; as, *crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash;* terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully; as, *crush, brush, hush, gush, blush.*

"Many more examples of the same kind seem to leave no doubt that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory." — *Chalmers.*

"It is a fact familiar in the experience of most teachers, that, after the utmost care in the systematic cultivation of the utterance of young readers, by regular analytic exercises, the influence of colloquial negligence in habit is so powerful, that the same individual who has just articulated, with perfect exactness, the elements in a column, — while he is kept mechanically on his guard against error by attention to details, — will, immediately on beginning to read a page of continuous expression of thought, relapse into his wonted errors of enunciation. To correct this tendency, no resort is so effectual as that of studying analytically a few lines, previous to commencing the usual practice of a reading-lesson. The attention must first be turned to the words as such, — as forms of articulation, — then to their sounds in connection with their meaning.

The following will be found useful modes of practising such exercises as are now suggested. Begin at the end of a line, sentence, or paragraph, so as to prevent the possibility of reading negligently; then,

First: — Articulate separately and very distinctly, *every element* in every word, throughout the line or sentence.

Second: — Enunciate clearly and exactly, every syllable of each word throughout the line or sentence.

Third: — Pronounce every word in the same style.

Fourth: — Read the line or sentence from the beginning, forward, with strict attention to the manner of pronouncing each word.

Fifth: — Read the whole line or sentence with an easy, fluent enunciation, paying strict attention to the expression *of the meaning*, but without losing correctness in the style of pronunciation.

This is, apparently, a merely mechanical drill; but its effects are strikingly beneficial in a very short time. The habits of classes of young readers have thus been, in some instances, effectually changed in a few weeks, from slovenliness and indistinctness to perfect precision and propriety, united to fluency and freedom of style."—*Russell.*

Concrete and Discrete Sounds.

When the voice flows in one continuous, uninterrupted stream of sound, it is called a **concrete** sound or movement; but when this stream is interrupted by breaks, it is called a **discrete** sound or movement. The former resemble the tones of the organ, the latter the distinct tones of the pianoforte.

When the letter *a*, as heard in the word *day*, is pronounced simply as an alphabetic element, without intensity or emotion, and as if it were a continuation, not a close of utterance, two sounds are heard continuously successive; the first has the nominal sound of this letter, and issues with a certain degree of fulness; the last is the element *e*, as heard in *eve*, gradually diminished to an attenuated close.

This opening fulness of sound, here described, has been denominated by Dr. Rush, the **Radical movement**, "because the following or vanishing portion of the elementary rises (in the vanish) concretely from it as from a base or root;" the last part he calls the **Vanishing movement**, "because it becomes gradually weaker, until it finally dies away into silence."

Vowel Sounds.

The vowels are divided into **Monothongs**, **Diphthongs**, and **Triphthongs**.

The **Monothongs** consist of one kind of sound throughout their concrete movement, and consequently are simple elements; they are represented by the italics in the following words: *a*rm, *a*ll, *a*n, *e*ve, *e*nd, *i*n, *o*n, *u*p, and f*u*ll.

The **Diphthongs** consist of two vowel sounds, which coalesce so intimately that they appear like one uniform sound; they are represented by the italics in the following words: *a*le, *i*le, l*o*se, t*u*be.

The diphthong **å**, as well as **ı**, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the monothong **ı** for its vanish. These diphthongs, when carried through a wide range of pitch, as in interrogation with surprise, are converted into *triphthongs*, the third constituent being the monothong **è**.

The diphthong **ȯ**, as well as **ů**, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the subvowel *w* for its vanish.

The **Triphthongs** consist of three vowel sounds which coalesce so intimately that they appear like one uniform sound; they are represented by the italics in the following words: *oil*, *our*.

The first constituent of **ȯ**, as well as that of *ou*, is a sound characteristic of this element; and the diphthong **ȯ** constitutes the second and third constituents of triphthongs.

Should it be asked why diphthongs and triphthongs are designated as elementary, when each may be resolved into greater simplicity, Dr. Rush replies, "Though compounded of different successive sounds, yet these are inseparable in utterance; and regarding an element as a single impulse of the voice, the diphthong must be classed with it."

The principal defects in articulation may be classed as follows: —

First: *Feebleness;* — arising from the want of a full and forcible emission of voice, and of due energy in the action of the organs, — particularly the tongue, the teeth, and the lips.

Second: *Omission:* — a fault occasioned by undue rapidity, and sometimes by an inadvertent compliance with incorrect custom; as **ån** for **ånd**, **ın 'ıs** for *in his*, &c.

Third: *Obscurity;* — caused by the want of precision and accuracy in the functions of the organs, and a consequent want of definiteness or correctness in the sounds of letters and syllables; as, *shůll* for *shăll* — *go*-**ůn** for *gȯ'*-**ıng**, &c.

"The rule of practice, therefore, in regard to the exercises of reading and speaking, should be *always to articulate with such energy, deliberateness, and accuracy*, that every sound of the voice may be fully and exactly formed, distinctly heard, and perfectly understood. A drawling slowness, however, and a pedantic or irregular prominence of unaccented syllables, should be carefully avoided. Faults arising from slovenliness, and those which seem to spring from misdirected study, are equally objectionable." — *Russell.*

PRONUNCIATION.

Articulation regards the functions of the organs of speech; **Pronunciation**, the sound produced by these functions, as conforming to or deviating from the modes of good usage.

Orthoëpy may be defined as the analysis of true pronunciation,—being that part of articulation which treats of the correct sounds given to single letters or single words, without reference to their mutual dependence on each other.

One of the most effectual methods of correcting errors in articulation will be found in analyzing the true pronunciation of words — spelling words according to their sound, thus: —

of	—ŏ-v	going	—g-ŏ′—ĭ-ng
was	—w-ŏ-z	himself	—h-ĭ-m—s-ĕ-l-f′
and	—ă-n-d	against	—ă—g-ĕ-n-s-t′
from	—f-r-ŏ-m	kindness	—k-ĭ-n-d′—n-ĕ-s
shall	—sh-ă-l	glory	—g-l-ŏ′—r-ē
facts	—f-ă-k-t-z	sacrifice	—s-ă-k′—r-ĭ—f-ĭ-z, &c.

"Speech being merely a collection of arbitrary sounds, used as signs of thought or feeling, it is indispensable to intelligible communication, that there be a general agreement about the signification assigned to given sounds; as otherwise there could be no common language. It is equally important that there be a common consent and established custom, to regulate and fix the sounds used in speech, that these may have a definite character and signification, and become the current expression of thought. Hence, the necessity that individuals conform, in their habits of speech, to the rules prescribed by general usage, — or, more properly speaking, to the custom of the educated and intellectual classes of society, which is, by courtesy, generally acknowledged as the law of pronunciation. Individual opinion, when it is at variance with this important and useful principle of accommodation, gives rise to eccentricities, which neither the authority of profound learning, nor that of strict accuracy and system can redeem from the charge of pedantry.

"It is a matter of great importance, to recognize the rule of authorized custom, and neither yield to the influence of those errors which, through inadvertency, will creep into occasional or local use: nor, on the other hand, be induced to follow innovations or changes adopted without sufficient sanction. A cultivated taste is always perceptible in pronunciation, as in every other expression of mind; and errors in pronouncing are unavoidably associated with a deficiency in the rudiments of a good education." — *Russell.*

> "A few brief stanzas may be well employed
> To speak of errors we can all avoid.
> Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
> The careless churl who speaks of sŏap for sōap;

Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad;
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat believing it a bŏat.
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said, at Cambridge, mŏst instead of mōst:
But knit her brow, and stamp'd her angry foot,
To hear a teacher call a rōot a rŏot.

"Once more, speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over-hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't — let me beg you — don't say "How?" for "What?"
And when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful urs." — *Holmes.*

SYLLABICATION.

A **syllable** is so much of a word as can be pronounced by one impulse of the voice; as *con*, in *con*fess.

An interruption of the concrete, whether made wilfully by pause, or necessarily by the occurrence of an abrupt or an atonic element, is unavoidably the end of one syllable, and the preface to the beginning of another.

A **Monosyllable** is a word of *one* syllable; as, *love.*
A **Dissyllable** is a word of *two* syllables; as, *lovely.*
A **Trisyllable** is a word of *three* syllables; as, *loveliness.*
A **Polysyllable** is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *unloveliness, illimitable.*
The **Ultimate** is the last syllable of a word.
The **Penult**, or **Penultimate**, is the last syllable but *one* in a word.
The **Antepenult**, or **Antepenultimate**, is the last syllable but *two* of a word.
The **Preantepenult**, or **Preantepenultimate**, is the last syllable but *three* of a word.

"The various lengths of syllables depend on the nature and arrangement of their constituent elements, in the execution of the radical and vanish." — *Rush.*

Quantity is the time occupied in pronouncing a letter, syllable, or word. It also includes *earnestness.* (*See page* 54.)

An **immutable syllable** is one that cannot be prolonged but with deformed pronunciation; as *vict*, in the word con*vict*.

A **mutable syllable** is one which admits a slight change in quantity, but which, with undue prolongation, has the same offensive

drawl perceived in the forced extension of the im- ntable class; as, *grat*itude, de*struc*tion.

An indefinite syllable is one which seems to be the same under every degree of prolongation; as, be-*guile*, *si*-lent.

ACCENT.*

Accent is stress of the voice laid upon a syllable in a word, in order to distinguish it from the other syllables; as, on *sist*, in the word con-*sist'*.

With the exception of *amen*, every word in the English language of more than one syllable, has one of these syllables accented.

Accent is determined by *custom* or *good use*; the standard of dictionaries being based on the practice of the best speakers. It may however be changed by *emphasis*; as, "He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease."

Harmony of *versification* may also require a change in the accent; as,

> "To perséver
> In obstinate condolement, is a course
> Of impious stubbornness."
> *Queen* to *Hamlet*.

The accent also varies according to the *part of speech*, and the *meaning* of the *word*; as, "I re*fuse'* the *ref'*use." "I will not de*sert'* him even in the *des'*ert."

Primary Accent is stress placed on the most important syllable in a word.

In trisyllables or polysyllables, **Secondary Accent** is inferior stress placed on one or two syllables besides that which receives primary accent, in order to promote distinctness and euphony.

"Correct accent is indispensable in reading and speaking; not merely as a convenience of intelligible expression, and as a result of education, but as an indication of intelligence and of taste, in regard to language, and as an element of all distinct and spirited expression. The accented syllable of every expressive word becomes the seat of life in utterance; and there can be no surer way of rendering the exercise of reading unmeaning and uninteresting, than to indulge the three prevalent faults of slighting the accent of words, unduly prolonging and forcing it, and distributing its effect over several syllables of a word, instead of confining it to one." — *Russell*.

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* Accent and Emphasis belong properly under the head of Stress, though they are here inserted to meet the necessities of teaching.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the stress of the voice laid upon a word to distinguish it from the other words in the same sentence; *as*,

The repose of the soul is *exercise*, not rest. — *Robertson.*

Emphasis may also be defined as the expressive, but occasional distinction of a syllable, and thereby the whole word, or of several successive words, by one or more of the various forms and degrees of **Time, Quality, Force, Abruptness, and Pitch.**

"It is the manner of uttering emphatic words which decides the meaning of every sentence that is read or spoken. A true emphasis conveys a sentiment clearly and forcibly to the mind, and keeps the attention of an audience in active sympathy with the thoughts of the speaker; it gives full value and effect to all that he utters, and secures a lasting impression on the memory." — *Russell.*

Emphasis is determined by the *sentiment.* It is divided into **Absolute Emphasis**, or **Emphasis of Specification**, and **Antithetic Emphasis.**

Absolute Emphasis is that used to express strong emotion, or the peculiar permanence of a thought, solely, singly considered; *as*,

"We judge of a man's wisdom by his *hope*, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." — *Emerson.*

Antithetic Emphasis is emphasis placed on words expressive of contrast or comparison; *as*,

In reading, be careful to distinguish between a *thought* and a *feeling* — an *idea* and a *sentiment.*

When emphasis is placed on but one word in a phrase, it is called **Simple** Emphasis; when on more than one, it is named **Compound** Emphasis. In Compound Emphasis, the stress upon the most important of the emphatic words is called **Superior** Emphasis; that on the inferior, or least important of these, is called **Inferior** Emphasis.

A word, unless repeated for the purpose of more strongly expressing the same idea, should not be made emphatic more than once in the same connection.

"Care should be taken to avoid the two extremes of omitting or slighting emphasis, and of evincing an excessive anxiety with regard to it by the

unnecessary and formal marking of it by studied force of expression. A great defect in reading is the use of the circumflex upon most of the emphatic words; the wave, it should be remembered, belongs properly to irony or ridicule, — to the peculiar significance of words and phrases embodying logical and grammatical niceties of distinction, — or to the studied and peculiar emphasis which belongs to the utterance of a word intended to convey a pun."

A very useful exercise is that of requiring of the pupils, previous to reading a sentence, a statement of the sentiment in his own words; the object being to attain a clear and accurate conception of the meaning, — the true preparation for right emphasis.

The emphasis of emotion may in part be communicated from the teacher's own reading; there may also be conversation upon the passage to be read, until from sympathetic and vivid interest in the idea, the pupils may express the emotion as their own.

The faulty emphasis of the circumflex must be removed by repeated practice of examples, and by expedients adapted to individual cases. Mutual correction by the pupils will be very important here, as in all other departments of elocution.

"Next to those whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers, — and, first, the *emphatical*, — who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunction *and*, — which they seem to hack up with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram — with no less pain — into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man through a hearing-trumpet; though I must confess I am equally offended with the *whisperers*, or low speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The *wits*, who will not condescend to utter anything but a *bon-mot*, and the *whistlers*, or tune-hummers, who never talk at all, may be joined very agreeably together in a concert; and to these 'tinkling cymbals' I would also add the 'sounding-brass,' the *bawler*, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier." — *The Spectator.*

EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING EMPHASIS OF SPECIFICATION.*

"In all ages Love is the truth of life. Men cannot injure us except so far as they exasperate us to forget ourselves. No man is really dishonored except by his own act. Calumny, injustice, ingratitude, — the only harm these can do us is by making us bitter, or rancorous, or gloomy; by shutting our hearts, or souring our affections. We rob them of their power, if they only leave us more sweet and forgiving than before. And this is the only true victory. We win by love. Love transmutes all curses, and forces them to

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* In reading, the pupil should remember to observe the proper standing position, — holding the book in the *left hand, opposite the chest, a short distance from the body.*

rain down blessings.* Our enemies become unconsciously our best friends, when their slanders deepen in us heavenlier graces. Let them do their worst; they only give us the Godlike victory of forgiving them." — *Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

"If men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples — temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonored both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship, which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one. He has an altar in every man's dwelling: let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes." — *John Ruskin.*

"There is a sacredness in individuality of character; each one born into this world is a fresh, new soul intended by his Maker to develop himself in a new, fresh way. We are what we are; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality; but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to us all, according to the character which God has given us. There is one universe in which each separate star differs from another in glory; one Church, in which a single Spirit, the life of God, pervades each separate soul; and just in proportion as that life becomes exalted, does it enable every one to shine forth in the distinctness of his own separate individuality, like the stars of heaven." — *Robertson.*

"Nature, that great missionary of the Most High, preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colors, on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers. If we were in harmony with the *whole*, we might understand her. Here and there a spirit, less at discord, hears semi-tones in the ocean and wind, and when the stars look into his heart, he is stirred with dim recollection of a universal language, which would reveal *all*, if he only remembered the alphabet." — *Mrs. L. M. Child.*

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* When the article *the* precedes a word beginning with a consonant, it should be pronounced *thē*—; when it precedes a word beginning with a vowel, it should be pronounced *thē*.

The article *a* should be pronounced *ā* — like the *a* in *an*.

When made emphatic, *a* should be pronounced *ā* — and *the*, *thē*; as, Did you say *ā* country or *thē* country?

The pronoun *my*, except in serious discourse, or when made emphatic, is usually pronounced *mī*.

"God and good angels alone know the vast, the incalculable influence that goes out into the universe of spirit, and thence flows into the universe of matter, from the conquered evil and the voiceless prayer of one solitary soul. Wouldst thou bring the world unto God? Then live near to him thyself. If divine life pervade thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayest be unconscious of being charged therewith. This surely would be the highest, to strive to keep near the holy, not for the sake of our own reward here or hereafter, but that through love to God, we might bless our neighbor." — *Ibid.*

"There can be no meaner type of human selfishness than that afforded by him, who, unmindful of the world of sin and suffering about him, occupies himself in the pitiful business of saving his own soul in the very spirit of the miser, watching over his private hoard while his neighbors starve for lack of bread. But surely, the benevolent unrest, the far-reaching sympathies and keen sensitiveness to the suffering of others, which so nobly distinguish our present age, can have nothing to fear from a plea for personal holiness, patience, hope, and resignation to the Divine will. 'The more piety, the more compassion,' says Isaac Taylor; and this is true, if we understand by piety, not self-concentred asceticism, but the pure religion and undefiled, which visits the widow and the fatherless, and yet keeps itself unspotted from the world, — which deals justly, loves mercy, and yet walks humbly before God. Self-scrutiny in the light of truth, can do no harm to any one, least of all to the reformer and philanthropist. The spiritual warrior, like the young candidate for knighthood, may be none the worse for his preparatory ordeal of watching all night by his armor." — *Whittier.*

"We fear and hate the utterly unknown, and it only. Even pain we hate only when we cannot *know* it, — when we can only feel it, without explaining it and making it harmonize with our notions of our own deserts and destiny. And as for human beings, there surely it stands true, wherever else it may not, that all knowledge is love, and all love knowledge; that even with the meanest, we cannot gain a glimpse into their inward trials and struggles, without an increase of sympathy and affection." — *Kingsley.*

"If speech is the bank-note for an inward capital of culture, of insight and noble human worth, then speech is precious, and the art of speech shall be honored. But if there *is* no inward capital; if speech represent no real culture of the mind, but an imaginary culture; no bullion, but the fatal and almost hopeless deficit of such!

Alas, Alas, said bank-note is then a *forged* one; passing freely current in the market, but bringing damages to the receiver, to the payer, and to all the world; which are in sad truth infallible, and of an amount incalculable. . . . Considered as the last finish of education, or of human culture, worth, and acquirement, the art of speech is noble and even divine; it is like the kindling of a Heaven's light to show us what a glorious world exists and has peopled itself, in a man. But if no world exist in the man; if nothing but continents of empty vapor, of greedy self-conceits, commonplace hearsays, and indistinct loomings of a sordid chaos exist in him; what will be the use of light to show us that? Better a thousand times that such a man do not speak; but keep his empty vapor and his sordid chaos to himself. . . . .

"All human talent, especially all deep talent, is a talent to *do*, and is intrinsically of a silent nature; inaudible, like the Sphere Harmonies and Eternal Melodies, of which it is an incarnated fraction. All real talent, I fancy, would much rather, if it listened only to Nature's monitions, express itself in rhythmic facts than melodious words, which latter, at best, where they are good for anything, are only a feeble echo and shadow or foreshadow of the former." —*Carlyle.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

"It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement — God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing; and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes." — *Robertson.*

"There are two wings by which a man soars above the world,— Sincerity and Purity. The former regards the intention, the latter the affections: that aspires and aims at a likeness to God, this makes us really like him." — *Thomas à Kempis.*

"Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lips, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped." — *Shakespeare.*

"Veracity implies a correspondence between words and thoughts, truthfulness, a correspondence between thoughts and realities. To be veracious, it is only necessary that a man give utterance to his convictions; to be true, it is needful that his convictions have affinity with Fact. . . . .

"He is a man of integrity who hates untruth *as* untruth; who resents the smooth and polished falsehood of society, which does no harm; who turns in indignation from the glittering, whitened lie of sepulchral Pharisaism, which injures no one. Integrity recoils from deceptions which men would almost smile to hear called deception. To a moral, pure mind, the artifices in every department of life are painful; the stained wood, which passes for a more firm and costly material in a building, and deceives the eye, by seeming what it is not, marble; the painting which is intended to be taken for a reality; the gilding which is meant to pass for gold; and the glass which is worn to look like jewels: for there is a moral feeling and a truthfulness in architecture, in painting, and in dress, as well as in the market-place, and in the senate, and in the judgment-hall." — *Robertson.*

"What is companionship, when nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller? 'T is a dire calamity to *have* a slave; 't is an inexpiable curse to *be* one." — *Landor.*

"Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them. . . .

"The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. . . . . The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust." — *Emerson.*

"Man cannot *know* unless he can *worship* in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry and dead thistle otherwise. It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense, sugar-plums of any kind in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his 'honor of a soldier,' different from drill regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vin-

dicate himself under God's Heaven, as a god-made Man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher; one sees this even in the frivolous classes with their 'point of honor' and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion gain followers. . . . . Is it not *better* to do Right than Wrong; the one is to the other as life is to death, — as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done, the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommeasurable; the one is death — the other life eternal." — *Carlyle.*

"Many disputes have been raised among men as to the difference between faith and obedience. It is probable that they are identical with God, to whom obedience, that part of our life in Him which is seen, and faith, the part which is unseen, are alike open and manifest. It is evident that an action performed or refrained from, with a reference to the Divine pleasure, is as eloquent unto God as a prayer or thanksgiving, and as likely to be *answered* by Him with blessing. For to the eye of love, the deeds and gestures that express it are as intelligible as its spoken words, and no less acceptable and sweet." — *Dora Greenwell.*

"Between Christ mocked and Christ rejected there is but a step; who shall say how easily it is taken, or how quickly we may pass from the hollow homage, the 'Hail, Master!' which mocks our Lord, to the smiting and buffeting of open outrage? When Christ is invested with but the show of sovereignty, the reed placed in his hands will be quickly taken, as by the soldiers, to smite his head. *This reed is nominal Christianity*, a strange slip of a degenerate vine, beneath whose blighting shadow a poison-growth of unbelief never fails to root itself." — *Ibid.*

"He who in his heart of hearts reverences the Good, the True, the Holy, — that is, reverences God, — does not tremble at the apparent success of attacks upon the outworks of his faith. They may shake those who rested on those outworks; they do not move him whose soul reposes on the Truth itself." — *Robertson.*

"Truth is eclipsed often, and it sets for a night; but never is it turned aside from its eternal path." — *W. Ware*

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day." — *Miss Procter.*

"The measure of your duty is the greatness of your advantages, and the greatness of your advantages is the standard to which you will be subjected in the judgment of Heaven and the judgment of history. You (men of America) are set for the hope or the disappointment of the world. With such a mighty country, with such inestimable privileges, with such means of intelligence, virtue, and happiness; with such means of increasing and dispensing them; so young, and yet so strong; so late, and yet so rich among the nations; there is room to look for good interminably to future generations, which the one departing shall leave more abundant for the one that comes. In order that such anticipations be not empty dreams; in order that they be not promises to change into mockery, vanity, and grief; it should be the labor of a genuine and noble patriotism to raise the life of a nation to the level of its privileges; to harmonize its general practice with its abstract principles; to reduce to actual facts the ideals of its institutions; to elevate instruction into knowledge; to deepen knowledge into wisdom; to render knowledge and wisdom complete in righteousness; and to make the love of country perfect in the love of man."—*Giles.*

"**Distinct enunciation** depends on the true and forcible action of the organs of speech. Regarded in connection with the exercise of reading or speaking in public, it requires

First, the preparatory act of drawing a full supply of breath, that the lungs may be freely expanded, and a sufficient volume of air obtained for the production of a strong and clear sound. *Second, a vigorous emission or expulsion of the breath,* to give force and distinctness to the action of those organs which render sounds articulate. *Third, an energetic, deliberate, and exact execution, in the functions of the tongue and the lips.* It is from the combination of all these qualities of articulation, that the ear receives the true and perfect sound of every letter and syllable, and the mind, the exact form and meaning of every word; while a failure in any of these points is attended by a weak and inefficient voice, or a defective and indistinct utterance.

The qualities requisite to distinct enunciation naturally belong to all human beings in the possession of health, and under an adequate impulse of the mind; they are especially characteristic of the activity and elasticity of youth, when not perverted or depressed by arbitrary modes of educa-

tion, or when uncorrupted by bad example and neglect. Instruction and practice, however, are requisite to develop and confirm these natural, good tendencies; but such aids become indispensable when the habits of enunciation have, through unfavorable influences, been stamped with error, or when individuals have commenced a course of study, preparatory to a profession which requires correctness and fluency in public address.

A habit of *drawing a full breath* has been mentioned as the first preliminary to energetic and distinct enunciation. This point will, perhaps, be more clearly understood, and its value more distinctly perceived, by adverting to the circumstance, that many speakers (adults, through the influence of neglected habit, and the young, from agitation or embarrassment) begin to speak without a full supply of breath, or an entire inflation of the lungs, and that the mechanical impulse of speaking commonly carries on the action of the voice, without leaving opportunity for a full supply of breath to be drawn in the course of the whole exercise. The lungs are thus exhausted and injured by being required to furnish (what they have not actually received) a volume of air sufficient to create and sustain a strong articulate utterance. The whole style of a speaker's elocution is thus rendered feeble, indistinct, and unimpressive. A due attention to the student's habits of breathing will do much towards enabling him to speak or read with ease and distinctness, as well as to acquire a full and habitual energy of voice, and a permanent vigor of the organs of speech.

The second requisite to distinct articulation is a *forcible expulsion of the breath*. Animated conversation on subjects interesting to the mind, and especially when a numerous company is addressed, furnishes an idea of what is meant by expulsive or forcible utterance; and the voice of a sick person, — of an individual in health, when fatigued, — of a person overwhelmed with grief, shame, or embarrassment, may serve to illustrate the opposite quality of speech, a faint ineffective mode of expression. The act of public communication by oral address, requires a vigorous exertion of the organs, — a thing equally essential to admiration and interest in the speaker, and to the physical possibility of his voice being heard, or his words understood by his audience. To produce an energetic and distinct articulation, the breath must be forcibly expelled, as well as freely inhaled; — a full volume of air must be transmitted, *with great force*, to the minor organs of speech, which give a definite character to sound.

Where the forcible emission of the breath is neglected, a grave and hollow voice, yet feeble and languid in its execution, is unavoidably contracted, by which the speaker's internal energy is much impaired; and the natural effect of his delivery lost. A strong and adequate utterance, on the contrary, carries the force outward, and causes it to reach with ease and with full effect, over a large space. Expulsive enunciation should receive full attention, as an easy and natural means of strengthening the voice, and rendering it clear and distinct. As a mode of physical exercise it is conducive to inward vigor and to general health; and as an accomplishment in elocution, it is of the utmost consequence to the appropriate expression of elevated sentiment and natural emotion.

This kind of vocal force, however, must be carefully distinguished from that of calling or vociferation, with which it has little in common, but which is habitually exemplified by some public speakers, who indulge an undisciplined and intemperate energy of feeling or of voice, and by children, generally when reading in a large room. It produces the style of utterance which most persons erroneously adopt in conversing with a deaf person.

Contrasted with a natural and habitual tone, this mode of utterance has a false note, and an effect altogether peculiar to itself; it is the tone of physical effort transcending that of mental expression. True force of

utterance, on the other hand, keeps the tone of meaning predominant, and preserves the whole natural voice of the individual, while it increases its energy. It differs from the tone of private conversation solely in additional force, and a more deliberate and distinct expression. It is the want of this style of utterance which creates formal and professional tones, or what is not unjustly called a 'school tone.'

The third constituent of good articulation is to be found *in the proper functions of the tongue and the lips.* These organs divide and modify the voice into distinct portions of sound, constituting letters and syllables, and consequently require energy and deliberateness, or due force and slowness, together with *perfect precision,* or exactness in their action.

Energy in the play of these *minor organs* of speech, is a quality entirely distinct from *loudness,* or mere force in the emission of the voice. A sound may come from the lungs and the throat with great vehemence, and yet be very obscure in its peculiar character, because not duly modified by the tongue. The voice of a person under the excitement of inebriation, furnishes sometimes a striking illustration of this distinction. Strong emotion and great loudness of speech are, from a cause somewhat similar, not favorable to a clear expression of meaning, but often have a contrary effect; the violence of feeling and of utterance, preventing the true and accurate formation of sound. Energy of articulation, on the other hand, consists in the force with which the constituent sounds of every word are expressed by the exertion of their appropriate organs. It may exist with very little of mere loudness, sometimes giving indescribable fervor to a bare whisper. It is the quality which gives form and character to human speech, and constitutes it the appropriate vehicle of intellect; although from languor and carelessness of habit it is too seldom exemplified in public reading or speaking.

The next point to be observed, in the action of the organs, is *deliberateness* or *due slowness,* the medium between hurry and drawling, — faults which are a great hinderance to distinctness; the former producing a mass of crowded and confused sounds which make no distinct impression on the ear, and leave no intelligible trace on the mind, — and the latter causing the voice to lag lazily behind the natural movement of the mind's attention, with an unmeaning and disagreeable prolongation of sound, which takes away the spirit and the significance of speech. The degree of slowness required for an accurate and distinct enunciation is such as to leave sufficient time for the true and complete formation of every sound of the voice, and for the deliberate and regular succession of words and syllables; free, however, from any approach to languor and drawling.

Force and slowness, however, are not the only qualities essential to distinct articulation. There must be, in addition to the right degree of these properties, a due attention, in every instance, to the nature of the sound to be produced, and to that exertion of the organs which is adapted to its exact execution. In other words, articulate utterance requires a constant exercise of discrimination of the mind, and of *precision or accuracy in the movements of the organs of speech.* A correct articulation, however, is not belabored or artificial in its character. It results from the intuitive and habitual action of a disciplined attention. It is easy, fluent, and natural; but, like the skilful execution of an accomplished musician, it gives forth every sound, even in the most rapid passages, with truth and correctness. A good enunciation gives to every vowel and consonant its just proportion and character; none being omitted, no one blending with another in such a manner as to produce confusion, and none so carelessly executed as to cause mistake in the hearer, by its resemblance to another." — *Russell.*

SELECTIONS.

EXTRACT FROM "OUR NATIONAL LIFE." *E. P. Whipple.*

In order that America may take its due rank in the commonwealth of nations, a literature is needed which shall be the exponent of its higher life. We live in times of turbulence and change. There is a general dissatisfaction, manifesting itself often in rude contests and ruder speech, with the gulf which separates principles from actions. Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truth, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts. Beneath all the shrewdness and selfishness of the American character, there is a smouldering enthusiasm which flames out at the first touch of fire, — sometimes at the hot and hasty words of party; and sometimes at the bidding of great thoughts and unselfish principles. The heart of the nation is easily stirred to its depths; but those who rouse its fiery impulses into action are often men compounded of ignorance and wickedness, and wholly unfit to guide the passions which they are able to excite. There is no country in the world which has nobler ideas embodied in more worthless shapes. All our factions, fanaticisms, reforms, parties, creeds, ridiculous or dangerous though they often appear, are founded on some aspiration or reality which deserves a better form and expression. There is a mighty power in great speech. If the sources of what we call our fooleries and faults were rightly addressed, they would echo more majestic and kindling truths. We want a poetry which shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poetry which shall make us more in love with our native land, by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thought; which shall give visible form and life to the abstract ideas of our written constitutions; which shall confer upon virtue all the strength of principle, and all the energy of passion; which shall disentangle freedom from cant and senseless hyperbole, and render it a thing of such loveliness and grandeur as to justify all self-sacrifice; which shall make us love man by the new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny: which shall force through the thin partitions of conventionalism and expediency; vindicate the majesty of reason; give new power to the voice of conscience, and new vitality to human affection; soften and elevate passion; guide enthusiasm in a right direction; and speak out in the high language of men to a nation of men.

STUDIES. *Lord Bacon.*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for, expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience — for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

CHARACTER. *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man, than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French Revolution, that when he has told all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not in the record of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure, and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington, in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes, is not accounted for by

saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call Character, — a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means. It is conceived of as a certain undemonstrable force, a Familiar or Genius, by whose impulses the man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart; which is company for him, so that such men are often solitary, or if they chance to be social, do not need society, but can entertain themselves very well alone. The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another time small, but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. What others affect by talent or by eloquence, this man accomplishes by some magnetism. "Half his strength he put not forth." His victories are by demonstration of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers, because his arrival alters the face of affairs. "O Iole! how didst thou know that Hercules was a god?" "Because," answered Iole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." Man, ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached, and that awkwardly, to the world he lives in, in these examples appears to share the life of things, and to be an expression of the same law which controls the tides and the sun, numbers and quantities.

REMINISCENCES OF ARNOLD AND WORDSWORTH.

Rev. F. W. Robertson.

It was my lot, during a short university career, to witness a transition and a reaction, or revulsion of public feeling, with respect to two great men. The first of these was one who was every inch a man, — Arnold, of Rugby. You will all recollect how, in his earlier life, Arnold was covered with suspicion and obloquy, how the wise men of that day charged him with latitudinarianism, and I know not with how many other heresies. But the public opinion altered, and he came to Oxford, and read lectures on modern history.

Such a scene had not been seen in Oxford before. The lecture-room was too small; all adjourned to the Oxford Theatre; and all that was most brilliant, all that was most wise and most distinguished, gathered together there. He walked up to the rostrum with a quick step and manly dignity. Those who had loved him

when all the world despised him felt that, at last, the hour of their triumph had come. But there was something deeper than any personal triumph they could enjoy; and those who saw him then will not soon forget the lesson read to them by his calm, dignified, simple step, — a lesson teaching them the utter worthlessness of unpopularity or of popularity as a test of manhood's worth.

The second occasion was when, in the same theatre, Wordsworth came forward to receive his honorary degree. Scarcely had his name been pronounced than, from three thousand voices at once, there broke forth a burst of applause, echoed and taken up again and again when it seemed about to die away, and that thrice repeated, — a cry in which

> Old England's heart and voice unite,
> Whether she hail the wine-cup or the fight,
> Or bid each hand be strong, or bid each heart be light.

There were young eyes there filled with an emotion of which they had no need to be ashamed; there were hearts beating with the proud feeling of triumph, that, at last, the world had recognized the merit of the man they had loved so long, and acknowledged as their teacher; and yet, when that noise was protracted, there came a reaction in their feelings, and they began to perceive that *that* was not, after all, the true reward and recompense for all that Wordsworth had done for England; it seemed as if all that noise was vulgarizing the poet; it seemed more natural and desirable to think of him afar off in his simple dales and mountains, the high-priest of nature, weaving in honored poetry his songs to liberty and truth, than to see him there, clad in a scarlet robe, and bespattered with applause. Two young men went home together, part of the way in silence, — and one only gave expression to the feelings of the other, when he quoted those well-known, trite, and often-quoted lines, — lines full of deepest truth: —

> One self-approving hour whole worlds outweighs
> Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
> And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

EXTRACT FROM "KING'S TREASURIES." *John Ruskin.*

There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirby Lonsdale church-yard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies,

a group of school-boys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So do we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will, little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a grave-stone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance-gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them; which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly-fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we — art thou also become one of us?" so would these kings, with their war-dimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us?"

Mighty of heart, mighty of mind — "magnanimous" — to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life," — in life itself — not in the trappings of it. — My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it *is* offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: "You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gayly, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast — crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull; — no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet

practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and—*not* more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only. All other kingships, as far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,— costly shows, with real jewels instead of tinsel — the toys of nations; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, "Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more."

BEAUTY. *Wm. Ellery Channing.*

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. And infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and see its walls lined with choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, — how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine

Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have the most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this, their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.

Robertson.

On reaching home yesterday evening, I took down Liebig's "Chemistry," and found that the ultimate elements of organic bodies are principally four, viz., carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. That is, the difference between hair, flesh, bone, and between skin, bark, wood, &c., is caused not so much by their being composed of different elements as by the different proportions in which these four chief ones are mixed up.

In the visions of the night a dream presented itself, mingling this information with the subjects of our conversation, and the question whether woman is merely an unemancipated negro, as you say, her powers and qualities in all respects like those of men, only uncultivated, or, as I say, a being spiritually as well as physically different, — having, if you will, all the elements, moral and intellectual, the same in number that man has, only differing in the proportions in which they are mixed up; that difference, however, constituting a difference of nature as real as the difference between leaf and flower, wood and fruit. As *you* say, Woman is to Man what the gristle of a child is to the hard skull of an adult; as *I* say, what the brain is to the skull, or the flesh to the ribs.

Methought I overheard the muscular fibre, *i. e.*, the flesh, of the human body, enviously grumbling against the bones. The flesh averred that it was essentially identical with bone, wanting only a different position and a harder education. That great muscle in the centre of the body, the heart, took upon herself the office of champion of the rights of oppressed flesh, and spoke, — "Feeble and degraded muscles! after six thousand years of abject inferiority, I summon you in the sacred name of abstract principles. Are we not

identically the same as the bones? What are the bones? — Carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen. What are we? — The same, minus a few pinches of phosphate of lime. The elements of our nature are identically those of bone. And yet for these long centuries we have been treated as if we were of a softer and feebler nature, — condescendingly, insultingly protected from outward injury, as if we could not protect ourselves; looked upon as the ornament and living beauty of the bones; treated—I blush with shame to say it—as the cushions on which the bones repose, as if we were merely existing for their solace and relaxation. Even I, of bonier texture than you, poor slaves! I am bone-locked and hemmed in on every side, unable to expand, cabined, cribbed, confined, forbidden from the development of my noble nature by the coercion of a horrid, jealous rib!"

(For it may be remarked that the heart, albeit proud of being less soft and less sensitive than other muscles, was yet unable to restrain the use of certain spasmodic *dashed* words, like "horrid," which betrayed the existence of more nervous substance and sensibility than she would willingly have admitted. And the occurrence of these, in the midst of slang-like and bonier expressions, produced sometimes an odd confusion.)

Some very tender muscles, situated at the extremity of the fingers, spoke in reply to the swelling heart thus: — "Wondrous sister! Thy words are full of awe; and we have been thrilled with the mighty conceptions which thou hast suggested to us of being as the bones! But let us take sweet counsel together. Dost not thou sit in the centre of the body, determining the quality of every atom of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, before it passes into the bones? Are not we, then, through thee our great mother, arbiters of the destiny of those bones, whom thou, with divine indignation, callest horrid? We know that thou art less feebly sensitive than many of us, for we recollect how, in the days of Charles II., thou wast handled alive by a surgeon, and didst not flinch any more than if thou hadst been bone. But we pray thee to consider what would be our fate were we to change our nature. Should we not *wear* out by our friction, instead of elastically rebounding? Does not our very shrinking save us. Nay, would not the bones be harder still than we, and instead of, as now, loving forbearing pressure. *come through us*, if we did not feel? Besides, some of us have a secret liking for those bones. feel their support, and cling with great affection to our ribs. Thou speakest of great principles which we do not understand, — oxygen and hydrogen. Thou art very wise, and

we are very foolish, — we only know that flesh is flesh, and bone is bone. Thou sayest flesh is bone; but we cannot help thinking that we are as nature made us, and better so. Thou meditatest, mighty philosopheress! on nitrogen and carbon. To us bones are dear. We think that all the discipline which thou recommendest would make us only firmer and healthier flesh, but flesh still, and that only by destruction of our nature could we become bone. We do not wish the bones ever to forget that we are flesh, or to treat us as bone treats bone. We should as soon expect a gentleman in the course of conversation to forget the difference of sex,— to consider only mind *versus* mind, and, smiting the feminine possessor of the mind upon the shoulder, to say, 'Come, hold your jaw, old fellow!' Most magnanimous heart! We are very tender, and do not like to have it forgotten that we are made of flesh and blood."

Methought the heart heaved with scorn, and replied: "Ye concrete feeblenesses! I am then, not as ye are. The abstract principles of my nature are identical with those of the tyrants. I will alter the proportions; I will appropriate a little of the lime which the heartless bones monopolize. I, too, will be a bone." ("*Heartless* bones." N. B.—This was the last touching inconsistency of the flesh of which the heart was ever guilty.)

She persisted in her resolve. By degrees her eloquent and throbbing utterance became stilled in silence. She got harder and harder, and knocked against the ribs, blow for blow, giving knocks and receiving them with interest. The last wish she expressed was to be made acquainted with Anatomy practically, being certain that she should be as callous to the knife as any bone.

She got her wish; but it was not until she had become ossified.

Upon the *post-mortem* examination, I could not, however, but remark that, even denaturalized as her discipline had made her, she did not look like genuine, healthy bone, but a sort of gristle, neither red nor white, neither hard nor soft, but tough — altogether an unnatural, morbid, amorphous mass, like unprepared caoutchouc when you cut it through, only not so elastic.

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders, and dropped her into a jar of spirits of wine, to take her place amongst the monstrosities of an anatomical museum, observing that she was too hard for a feminine pin-cushion, and too soft for a masculine cannon-ball.

Glenara, Glenara, now read me my dream.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

From "*A Woman's Thoughts about Women.*" *Miss Mulock.*

Piercing to the foundation of all truth — I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all; when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels *that*, not as a vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt departs; she recognizes the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the All-Father; her only care being so to fulfil it, that, while the world at large may recognize and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognizes, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

. . . . . .

Would that, instead of educating our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives, or nothing, — matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties, or with no position and duties at all, — we could instil into them the principle that, above and before all, they are to be *women* — women, whose character is of their own making, and whose lot lies in their own hands. Not through any foolish independence of mankind, or adventurous misogamy: let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances — that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union, stamps upon her as foul dishonor, as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be tenfold worse, — an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death. There is many a bridal-chamber over which ought to be placed no other inscription than that well-known one over the gate of Dante's hell:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi entrate."

God forbid that any woman, in whose heart is any sense of real marriage, with all its sanctity, beauty, and glory, should ever be driven to enter such an accursed door!

. . . . . .

A finished life — a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer,— surely, this is worth living for? And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying-bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as He gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up His jewels.

On earth, too, for as much and as long as the happy dead, to whom all things have long been made equal, need remembering, such a life will not have been lived in vain: —

> "Only the memory of the just
> Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

EXTRACT FROM "QUEEN'S GARDENS." *Ruskin.*

"Prince of Peace." Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they: other rule than theirs is but *mis*rule; they who govern verily "Dei gratiâ" are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope: it is you only who can feel the depths of pain, and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park-walls and garden-gates; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness — a world of

secrets which you dare not penetrate; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honor, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests and kings. But this is wonderful to me — oh, how wonderful! — to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth — nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all the earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite: — to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbor! This is wonderful, oh, wonderful! to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace; and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

Have you ever considered what a deep under-meaning there lies, or, at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that, wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them

"Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy." You think that only a lover's fancy; — false and vain! How if it be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy — ,

> "Even the light harebell raised its head,
> Elastic from her airy tread."

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am going into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit,— I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said — (and I believe there is more than fancy in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one) — that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer but to guard them, — if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare,— if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in the frost,— "Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out." This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this (and how much more than this!) you *can* do for fairer flowers than these, — flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them; — flowers that have eyes like yours; which, once saved, you can save forever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks, — far in the darkness of the horrible streets, — these feeble flowrets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken; —will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death; but no dawn rise to breathe upon those living banks of wild violets, and woodbine, and rose; nor call to you, through your casement,— call, (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on the edge of happy Lethe, stood wreathing flowers with flowers,) saying: —

> "Come into the garden, Maud,
> For the black bat, night, has flown,
> And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
> And the musk of the roses blown."

Will you not go down among them? — among those sweet living

things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening bud by bud, into the flowers of promise — and still they turn to you, and for you, "The Larkspur listens — I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers — I wait."

Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now: —

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone."

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maude, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought him often; — sought Him in vain through the night; — sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always — waiting to take your hand — ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding,— there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed; — more, you shall see the troops of the angel-keepers, that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows. "Take we the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Oh, you queens — you queens! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and, in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

MODULATION.

PITCH, TONES, ETC.

Pitch is the degree of the elevation of sound.

The word **Tones**, in its most comprehensive sense, denotes the whole range of perfect sounds, which are produced either by man, the inferior animals, or musical instruments; but, in elocution,

Tones consist in the various sounds of the voice, in its ascent from a low to a high pitch, or in its descent from a high to a low one.

Modulation denotes the *variations* of the tones in their ascending and descending progression from one note to another.

Tones express emotions considered singly; **Modulation** is the variation of the voice in successive tones.

The different degrees of pitch in music are denoted by what is called the **Scale**.

The distance between any two points or places in the scale is called an **Interval**.

A **Note** consists in a sound produced at any point or place in the scale, considered without reference either to its rise or fall.

A **Tone** consists in the rise or fall of the voice from one point in the scale to another, except the spaces between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth places, which are occupied by *semitones*.

A **Semitone** consists in the rise or fall of the voice through a space in the scale half as great as that taken up by a tone.

The succession of the seven sounds of any one series, to which the octave, or eighth sound, is generally added, is called the **Natural** or **Diatonic Scale**. It consists of five tones and two semitones, the latter being the intervals between its third and fourth, and its seventh and eighth degrees. The scale then contains these several kinds of intervals, — a *semitone*, a *second* or whole tone, a *third*, a *fourth*, *fifth*, *sixth*, *seventh*, and an *octave*.

The *first*, *third*, and *fifth* notes of the diatonic scale, to which the *octave*, as a kind of according repetition of the first, is usually added,

differ from the rest in being more agreeable to the ear when heard in combination and immediate succession.

The voice may move concretely through the different intervals, or notes may be made at these degrees by the omission of the concrete. The former of these conditions are called **concrete**, and the latter, **discrete intervals**; one being, figuratively, a rising or falling stream of voice, and the other a voiceless space.

The first sound of the scale, relative to its rising series, is called the **Key note.**

The pitch, on which a syllable or word begins, in comparison with the pitch where it terminates, or of other succeeding syllables, is called the **Radical Pitch**, in order to distinguish it from the place or pitch at which the voice arrives by its respective concrete or discrete movements; this last-named point in the scale being denominated relatively, either its **Concrete** or **Discrete Pitch.**

MELODY OF SPEECH.

Melody is a series of simple sounds, emanating from the voice, or an instrument, so varied in pitch as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear. The series of graphic notes by which these sounds are represented is also called melody.

Melody (applied to speech in the same general sense as in the technical language of music) is a term used to designate the effect produced on the ear, by the successive *notes* of the voice.

Melody is distinguished from *harmony* by not necessarily including a combination of parts. *Harmony*, in music, signifies a union of melodies, a succession of combined sounds, moving at consonant intervals, according to the laws of modulation.

Intonation is the act of sounding the notes of a melody. When each note is produced in its proper degree of pitch, the intonation is true.

"One of the most important means of expressive intonation consists in the extended time of syllabic utterance" (*i. e.*, long quantity). — *Dr. Rush.*

Illustrations of Long Quantity in the Expression of Didactic Thought.

"In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men; fronting the peril which frightens back all others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth forever will be, a crown of *thorns*. . . . In modern, as in ancient and all societies, the Aristoc-

racy, they that assume the functions of an Aristocracy, doing them or not, have taken the post of honor, which is the post of *difficulty*, the *post* of *danger*—of death."—*Carlyle.*

"The graves of the best of men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian brethren)—level, and undistinguishable from the universal earth; and, if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom,—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue, and upon the classic ground of truth, thousand of nameless heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the one hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent."—*Richter.*

"Think not the distant stars are cold: say not the forces of the universe are against thee; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate; for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces; in right, thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and the lord of destiny. In thy living consciousness the universe itself has living being, and thou in that art greater than the universe. Anoint thine eyes with holy thought, that the gross and fleshly scales may fall from off them. Then like Gehazi in the mountain, at the prayer of Elijah, thou shalt behold that Power for thy good is round about thee; thou shalt discern that thou art embosomed in Protection—that thou art compassed by the fiery energies of Heaven,—that thou art girded and guarded by the Presence and Majesty of God."—*Giles.*

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

THE LAST MAN. — *Campbell.*

"Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll;
The temple of the Power whom all obey,
This is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal."

PROMETHEUS. — *Percival.*

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS. — *Holmes.*

"All grows sweet in Thee,
Since Thou didst gather us in One, and bring
This fading flower of our humanity
To perfect blossoming.
All comes to bloom! this wild
Green outward world of ours, that still must wear
The furrow on its brow, by print of care
And toil struck deep; this world by Sin made sad, —
Hath felt Thy foot upon its sod, and smiled, —
The desert place is glad!"

THE RECONCILER. — *Miss Greenwell.*

"Live and love, -
Doing both nobly, because lowlily;
Live and work, strongly — because patiently!
And for the deed of death, trust it to God,
That it be well done, unrepented of,
And not to loss. And thence with constant prayers
Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain!"

THE DRAMA OF EXILE. — *Mrs. Browning.*

"We cannot say the morning sun fulfils
Ingloriously its course; nor, that the clear
Strong stars, without significance, insphere
Our habitation. We meantime, our ills
Heap up against this good; and lift a cry
Against this work-day world, this ill-spread feast,
As if ourselves were better certainly
That what we come to. Maker and High-Priest,
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply,—
Only to make me worthier of the least."

ADEQUACY. — *Ibid.*

MELODY OF SPEECH, Continued.

Diatonic Melody is the progression of pitch through the interval of a whole tone.

Semitonic or **Chromatic Melody** is the progression of pitch through the interval of a semitone.

Words may be considered under three aspects: as representatives of simple thought; as indicative of an enforcing of thought; and as expressive of passion. The progress of the voice in speaking is called Melody. For plain narrative or simple thought we use the *Diatonic Melody;* in giving utterance to complaint, pity, tender supplication, &c., the *Chromatic Melody.*

Illustrations of the Use of Diatonic Melody.

"In that great social organ, which collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature

of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is, *to teach;* the function of the second is, *to move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honorable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth that *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds; it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale." — *De Quincey.*

"Poetry is essentially truthfulness; and the very incoherences of poetic dreaming are but the struggle and the strife to reach the True in the Unknown."— *Mrs. Browning.*

"Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work; not as mere hand and head work apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain, — and as work, I offer it to the public; feeling its faultiness more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration, — but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should protect it in the thoughts of the reverent and sincere.' — *Ibid.*

"Man can never come up to his ideal standard; it is the nature of the immortal spirit to raise that standard higher and higher, as it goes from strength to strength, still upward and onward. Accordingly, the wisest and greatest men are ever the most modest."— *Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

"Genius cannot be forever on the wing; it craves a home, a holy land; it carries reliquaries in its bosom; it craves cordial draughts from the goblets of other pilgrims. It is always pious, always chivalric,—the artist, like the Preux, throws down his shield to embrace the antagonist who has been able to pierce it; and the greater the genius, the more do we glow with delight at his power of feeling, need of feeling reverence, not only for the creative soul, but for its manifestation through his fellow-man." — *Ibid.*

"All high poetry is infinite; it is as the first acorn which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be withdrawn, and the inmost beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight, and after one person, or one age, has exhausted all its divine efflu-ence, which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight."— *Shelley.*

"The best men, doing their best,
Know peradventure least of what they do:
Men usefullest i' the world, are simply used;
The nail that holds the wood, must pierce it first,
And He alone who wields the hammer, sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow. Take heart."

Mrs. Browning

"Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."— *Goldsmith.*

"—There was one through whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,

Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."— *Tennyson.*

SEMITONIC MELODY.

The semitone expresses *complaint, pity, love, grief, plaintive supplication,* and other sentiments allied to these

"When the semitone is used with quantity and tremor, the force of the expression is greatly increased. The tremulous semitonic movement may be used on a single word, the more emphatically to mark its plaintiveness of character, or it may be used in continuation through a whole sentence, when the speaker, in the ardor of distressful and tender supplication, would give utterance to the intensity of his feelings."— *Tower.*

Whining is the misplaced use of the semitone, which is the language of tenderness, petition, complaint, &c., but never of manly confidence, nor the authoritative self-reliance of truth.

The Semitone generally affects a *slow time* and *long quantity.* The interjective exclamations of pain, grief, love, and compassion are prolongations of the tonic elements on this interval. But its effect is distinctly perceptible on the short time of immutable syllables.

Examples.

"Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!"— *Lady Macbeth.*

"O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low!
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well."—
Antony over Cæsar's Body.

"I might have saved her; now she's gone forever! —
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman."
Lear over the Body of Cordelia.

"Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age."

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE PICTURES.—*Tennyson.*

"Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining;
I gave him, God took him; 'tis right;
And the cry of his mother remaining
Shall strengthen his comrades in fight.
Not for vengeance, to-day, in my weeping,
Goes my prayer to the Infinite Throne,
God pity the foe when he 's reaping
The harvest of what he has sown!

"Tell his comrades these words of his mother:
All over the wide land to-day,
The Rachels, who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray.
They know, in their great tribulation,
By the blood of their children outpoured,
We shall smite down the foes of the Nation,
In the terrible day of the Lord."

THE COLOR-SERGEANT.—*A. D. F. Randolph.*

"Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee. ere too late.
Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shivered at my heart."

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.—*Coleridge*

"And, friends! — dear friends! — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep, —
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall —
He giveth His beloved, sleep!'"

THE SLEEP. — *Mrs. Browning.*

"The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would have believed no tongue, but Hubert's."

Arthur, in KING JOHN

"Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me." — *Ibid.*

"Come, Anthony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here, my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius."

Cassius, in JULIUS CÆSAR.

MONOTONE.

According to Dr. Rush, when two or more syllables occur successively on the *same place* of radical pitch, the phrase may be called "the *phrase of the Monotone.*"

When the radical pitch of a syllable is a tone *above* that of the preceding syllable, the phrase may be termed the "*Rising Ditone*"; — if *below* the preceding syllable, the "*Falling Ditone.*"

When the radicals of three syllables successively *ascend* a tone, the phrase is called the "*Rising Tritone*"; when they successively *descend* a tone, the "*Falling Tritone.*"

The Monotone may be defined as that inflexible movement of the voice which is heard when *fear, vastness of thought, force, majesty, power, or intensity of feeling* is such as partially to obstruct the powers of utterance.

"This movement of the voice may be accounted for by the fact, that, when the excitement is so powerful, and the kind and degree of feeling are such as to agitate the whole frame, the vocal organs will be so affected, and their natural functions so controlled, that they can give utterance to the thought or sentiment in only one note, iterated on the same unvarying line of pitch.

"Grandeur of thought and sublimity of feeling are always expressed by this movement. The effect produced by it is deep and impressive. When its use is known, and the rule for its application is clearly understood, the reading will be characterized by a solemnity of manner, a grandeur of refinement, and a beauty of execution, which all will acknowledge to be in exact accordance with the dictates of Nature, and strictly within the pale of her laws." — *Tower.*

Illustrations of the Monotone.

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE. — *Keats.*

"The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell. —
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

"The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?

There is not wind enough in air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

"Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak:
What sees she there?" — CHRISTABEL. — *Coleridge*

"O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time."

Clarence, in RICHARD III.

"Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere —
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried, — 'It was surely October,
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here —
That I brought a dread burden down here, —
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know now this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir, —
Well I know now this dark tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.'"

ULALUME. — *Edgar A. Poe*

"I am not come
To stay; to bid farewell, farewell forever,
For this I come! 'T is over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must — *must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.

Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!
O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I cannot act otherwise."

Max to Thekla. — THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN. — *Schiller.*

"Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

SORROW. — *Aubrey De Vere*

"I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown:
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong
Father, Supreme! to Thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night."

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS. — *Mrs. E. L. Howell*

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The blank earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him;
God accept him, Christ receive him."

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Tennyson

SELECTIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DIATONIC MELODY.

CHAUCER *Mrs. Browning.*

But it is in Chaucer we touch the true height, and look abroad into the kingdoms and glories of our poetical literature,—it is with Chaucer that we begin our "Books of the Poets," our collections and selections, our pride of place and name. And the genius of the poet shares the character of his position: he was made for an early poet, and the metaphors of dawn and spring doubly become him. A morning star, a lark's exaltation, cannot usher in a glory better. The "cheerful morning face," "the breezy call of incense breathing morn," you recognize in his countenance and voice; it is a voice full of promise and prophecy. He is the good omen of our poetry, the "good-bird," according to the Romans, "the best good angel of the spring," the nightingale, according to his own creed of good luck, heard before the cuckoo.

Up rose the sunne, and up rose Emilie,

and up rose her poet, the first of a line of kings, conscious of futurity in his smile He is a king and inherits the earth, and expands his great soul smilingly to embrace his great heritage. Nothing is too high for him to touch with a thought, nothing too low to dower with an affection. As a complete creature cognate of life and death, he cries upon God,—as a sympathetic creature he singles out a daisy from the universe ("si douce est la marguerite"), to lie down by half a summer's day and bless it for fellowship His senses are open and delicate, like a young child's—his sensibilities capacious of supersensual relations, like an experienced thinker's. Child-like, too, his tears and smiles lie at the edge of his eyes, and he is one proof more among the many, that the deepest pathos and the quickest gayeties hide together in the same nature. He is too wakeful and curious to lose the stirring of a leaf, yet not two wide awake to see visions of green and white ladies between the branches; and a fair house of fame and a noble court of love are built and hidden in the winking of his eyelash. And because his imagination is

neither too "high fantastical" to refuse proudly the gravitation of the earth, nor too "light of love" to lose it carelessly, he can create as well as dream, and work with clay as well as cloud; and when his men and women stand close by the actual ones, your stop-watch shall reckon no difference in the beating of their hearts. He knew the secret of nature and art, — that truth is beauty, — and saying, "I will make 'A Wife of Bath' as well as Emilie, and you shall remember her as long," we do remember her as long. And he sent us a train of pilgrims, each with a distinct individuality apart from the pilgrimage, all the way from Southwark and the Tabard Inn, to Canterbury and Becket's shrine; and their laughter comes never to an end, and their talk goes on with the stars, and all the railroads which may intersect the spoilt earth forever, cannot hush the "tramp, tramp" of their horses' feet.

THREE DESCRIPTIONS.

Not long ago I was slowly descending the carriage-road after you leave Albano. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and the graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of a rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas, arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers, dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of

heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset the motionless masses of dark rock — dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all, — the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illuminate, were seen in intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea. — *Ruskin.*

I wish I could describe one scene which is passing before my memory at this moment, when I found myself alone in a solitary valley of the Alps, without a guide, and a thunder-storm coming on. I wish I could explain how every circumstance combined to produce the same feeling and ministered to unity of impression, — the slow, wild wreathing of the vapors round the peaks, concealing their summits, and imparting in semblance their own motion, till each dark mountain form seemed to be mysterious and alive; the eagle-like plunge of the lämmer-geier, the bearded vulture of the Alps; the rising of a flock of choughs, which I had surprised at their feast on carrion, with their red beaks and legs, and their wild shrill cries startling the solitude and silence, — till the blue lightning streamed at last, and the shattering thunder crashed as if the mountains must give way; and then came the feelings which, in their fulness, man can feel but once in life; mingled sensations of awe and triumph and defiance of danger, — pride, rapture, contempt of pain, humbleness, and intense repose, — as if all the strife and struggle of the elements were only uttering the unrest of man's bosom, so that in all such scenes there is a feeling of relief, and he is tempted to cry out exultingly, "There! there! all this was in my heart, and it never was said out till now." — *Robertson.*

The gray church and grayer tombs, look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs in moors, and unfledged birds in woods . . . . . I saw — now I see — a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spread to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing: a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its border.

Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture—they are clear, they are as deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers,—she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro' Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face, she speaks with God.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

INDIVIDUALITY. *Emerson.*

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes such impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt, his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves child-like to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

WOMAN'S EDUCATION. *Ruskin.*

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy

and useful years, — full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise; — opening always — modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise — it is eternal youth.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to filt and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid the work of men; and yet it should be given, not as knowledge, — not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of acurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons — it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement; it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being forever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the temporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her

mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves; — and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them, — and is "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SEMITONIC MELODY.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

From *"The Old Curiosity Shop."* — *Dickens.*

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,—

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that — never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her — I never had — I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, — not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered, — followed him They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise, but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with, here and there, some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still, dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he passed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast — the garden she had tended — the eyes she had gladdened — the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour — the paths she had trodden as if it were put yesterday — could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on her cheek, and gave his tears free vent — "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS. *Hood.*

"Drowned! drowned!"

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing:
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family, —
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran, —
Over the brink of it,
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, — kindly, —
Smooth, and compose them;

And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY AFTER HIS DOWNFALL.

From "*Henry Eighth*"

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to —

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

WOLSEY'S ADDRESS TO CROMWELL. *Ibid*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st, a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, —— Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONOTONE.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

Opening of the Third Book of "Paradise Lost."

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reäscend,
Though hard and rare; thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim diffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight

ARTEVELDE'S FAREWELL TO THE CITIZENS OF GHENT.

Henry Taylor

Then fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent!
This is the last time you will see me here,
Unless God prosper me past human hope.
I thank you for the dutiful demeanor
Which never — no not once — in any of you
Have I found wanting, though severely tried
When discipline might seem without reward.
Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends;
But let not that deprive me of your loves,
Or of your good report. Be this the word;
My rule was brief, calamitous — but just.
No glory which a prosperous fortune gilds,
If shorn of this addition, could suffice
To lift my heart so high as it is now.
This is that joy in which my soul is strong,
That there is not a man amongst you all
Who can reproach me that I used my power
To do him an injustice. If there be
It is not to my knowledge; yet I pray him,
That he will now forgive me, taking note
That I had not to deal with easy times.

DARKNESS. *Byron.*

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went, — and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burned for beacons: cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained:
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded; and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clinchéd hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth, and howl'd. The wild birds shriek d
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again: — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,

Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men
Died; and their bones were tombless as their flesh:
The meagre by the meagre were devoured.
Even dogs assail'd their masters,— all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws: himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
That answered not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees. But two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage. They raked up,
And shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery. Then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died;
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void:
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death, — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths.
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd,
They slept on the abyss, without a surge, —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; darkness had no need
Of aid from them — she was the universe.

PITCH, Continued.

The various degrees of pitch may be thus represented:—

Very high á—à—delightful, joyous, glorious.

High á—à—bright, pleasant, cheerful.

Middle á—à—faith, peace, temperance, charity.

Low á—à—melancholy, suffering, sadness.

Very low á—à—awe, desolation, woe, horror.

"That, in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder, boundless, terrible*, a something appropriate to the sublime ideas intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash* we hear the very action implied. *Imp, elf*,—how descriptive of the miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy*,—how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself!—the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bend the grass-blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower."—*Robert Chalmers.*

Examples.

Very High Pitch.

"There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There 's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea!"—*Bryant.*

"Ring joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths!—we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On through the maze of the fleet dance, on!"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet."—*Byron.*

High Pitch.

"A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell."—*Byron.*

"I come! I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

"From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves."

Mrs. Hemans.

Middle Pitch.

"Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves is taught."—*C. P. Cranch.*

"Be wise; not easily forgiven
Are those, who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day."—*Tennyson.*

"All the past of Time reveals
A bridal-dawn of thunder-peals,
Whenever Thought hath wedded Fact."—*Ibid.*

Low Pitch.

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying."—*Tennyson.*

"Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea"—*Coleridge.*

"His heavy-shotted hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."—*Tennyson.*

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory." — *Wolfe.*

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."
Tennyson.

Very Low Pitch.

"News fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible." — *Shakespeare.*

"Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!" — *Campbell.*

"He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan —
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown." — *Byron*

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!"
Byron.

"And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners, alone,
The lances, unlifted, the trumpet, unblown." — *Ibid.*

"The majority of persons in this country pitch their voices too high, not only when they read and speak in public, but also in their colloquial intercourse. We not unfrequently meet with those who always speak in the highest key of the natural voice, and we occasionally meet with some who even speak in the falsetto. A high pitch in speech is unpleasant to the cultivated ear; it is totally inadequate to the correct expression of sentiments of respect, veneration, dignity, or sublimity." — *Comstock.*

"Few faults in speaking, however, have a worse effect than the grave and hollow note of the voice, into which the studious and sedentary are peculiarly apt to fall in public address. A deep and sepulchral solemnity is thus imparted to all subjects, and to all occasions, alike. The free and natural use of the voice is lost: and formality and dullness become inseparably associated with public address on serious subjects; or the tones of bombast and affectation take the place of those which should flow from earnestness and elevation of mind." — *Russell.*

The various kinds and degrees of emotion require different notes of the voice for their appropriate expression. Deep feeling produces *low tones;* joyful and elevated feeling inclines to a *high* strain: and pity, though widely differing in force, is also expressed by the higher notes of the scale. Moderate emotion inclines to a *middle* pitch.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DEGREES OF PITCH.

High Pitch.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths:
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

Gloster, in RICHARD THE THIRD.

"Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea,
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings, 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun.'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair."

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN. —*Arnold.*

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sp'rit,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring."

THE EPITHALAMIUM. — *Spenser.*

"Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things useful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new budded bowers!
Blazon your mottos of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into the stars for the land's desire!

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dashed on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA. — *Tennyson*

Medium Pitch.

"Be sure, no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's end. No creature works
So ill, observe, that therefore he's cashiered.
The honest earnest man must stand and work;
The woman also; otherwise she drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting serfdom. Free men freely work:
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
. . . Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little."—AURORA LEIGH.

"Though we fail indeed,
You . . I . . a score of such weak workers, . . He
Fails never. If He cannot work by us,
He will work over us. Does he want a man,
Much less a woman, think you? Every time
The star winks there, so many souls are born,
Who all shall work too. Let our own be calm:
We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars,
Impatient that we're nothing"—*Ibid.*

"Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure which makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

"It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed."

LIGHT AND SHADE.—*Miss Procter.*

. . . "The highest fame was never reached except
By what was aimed above it. Art for art,
And good for God Himself, the essential Good!
We 'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman-hands should shake and fail;
And if we fail. . . . But must we?—
Shall I fail?
The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase,
'Let no one be called happy till his death.'
To which I add,—Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day 's out and the labour done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honour us with truth, if not with praise."

Mrs. Browning.

"Work, true work, done honestly and manfully for Christ, *never* can be failure. . . . True Christian life is like the march of a conquering army into a fortress which has been breached. Men fall by hundreds in the ditch. Was their fall a failure? Nay, for their bodies bridge over the hollow, and over them the rest pass on to victory. . . These are the two remedies for doubt—Activity and Prayer. He who works and *feels* he works—he who prays and *knows* he prays—has got the secret of transforming life-failure into life-victory."—*Robertson.*

"He [F. W. Robertson] lies in a hollow of the Downs he loved so well. The sound of the sea may be heard there in the distance; and, standing by his grave, it seems a fair and fitting requiem; for if its inquietude was the image of his outward life, its central calm is the image of his deep peace of activity in God. He sleeps well;

and we, who are left alone with our love and his great result of work, cannot but rejoice that he has entered on his Father's rest."— *Stopford A. Brooke.*

"'O dull, one-sided voice,' said I,
'Wilt thou make everything a lie
To flatter me that I may die?

"I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

"I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;

"But heard, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head —

"Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

"He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed and scorned, and bruised with stones:

"But looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.'"

THE TWO VOICES. — *Tennyson*

Low Pitch.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequences, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.— But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even handed justice
Commends the ingredient of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against the murder bar the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues will
Plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other." — *Macbeth.*

"All he had loved and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned;
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.'

ADONAIS. — *Shelley*

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost vail of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are." — *Ibid.*

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Chi. lless and crownless, in her voiceless woe:

An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress."

CHILDE HAROLD.— *Byron*

'One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunts, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

'Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

"She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name."

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.— *Bryant*

"He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,

Or listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore
While yet 't was early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more!
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more;
O stern word — Nevermore!

"Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 't was most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word — Evermore!"

THRENODIA. — *Lowell.*

"Tenderness
And woe are twins! and may not deeply bless
Except together, when the tear one weeps
Falls in the golden cup the other keeps
Hid for this moment in his breast, unshown
Till needed most." — AFTER PARTING. — *Miss Greenwell*

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear;
Heaped in the hollow of the grave,
The Autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the woodtop calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day."

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS. — *Bryant*

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend."

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT. — *Burns.*

MODULATION, Continued.

QUALITIES OF TONE.

The different kinds or qualities of tone are the **Pure Tone**, the **Orotund**, the **Aspirated**, the **Falsetto**, the **Guttural**, and the **Trembling**.

The **Pure Tone** is the ordinary tone of a good and well-trained voice, clear, even, smooth, round, flowing, flexible in sound, and producing a moderate resonance in the head. It is the tone to be employed in all ordinary reading, where great passion or violent feeling is not expressed.

Illustrations.

"No education deserves the name, unless it develops thought, — unless it pierces down to the mysterious spiritual principle of mind, and starts that into activity and growth. There, all education, intellectual, moral, religious, begins; for morality, religion, intelligence, have all one foundation in vital thought; — that is, in thought which conceives all objects with which it deals, whether temporal or eternal, visible or invisible, as living realities, not as barren propositions. Here is the vital principle of all growth in learning, in virtue, in intelligence, in holiness. If this fail, there is no hope;

'The pillared firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble.'

Thus, force of being, to labor, to create, to pluck out the heart of nature's mystery, — this is the law of Genius." — *E. P. Whipple.*

"There are many — who say, God is near or far off, that his wisdom or his goodness appear quite specially in one age or another, — truly this is idle deception; is he not the unchangeable, eternal Love, and does he not love us and bless us at one hour just as much as at another? As we ought, properly, to call the eclipse of the sun, an eclipse of the earth, so it is man who is obscured, never the Infinite; but we are like the people who look at the obscuration of the sun in the water, and then, when the water trembles, cry out, 'See how the glorious sun struggles!'" — *Richter.*

"There is a fine engraving of Jean Paul Richter, surrounded by floating clouds, all of which are angels' faces; but so soft and shadowy, that they must be sought for, to be perceived. It was a beautiful idea thus to environ Jean Paul, for whosoever reads him with earnest thoughtfulness will see heavenly features perpetually shining forth through the golden mists of rolling vapor. . . . . Remember — This picture embodies a great spiritual truth. In all clouds that surround the soul, there *are* angel faces, and we should *see* them if we were calm and holy. It is because we are impatient of our destiny, and do not understand its use in our eternal progression, that the clouds which envelop it seem like black masses of thunder, or cold and dismal obstructions of the sunshine. If man looked at his being as a whole, or had faith that all things were intended to bring him into harmony with the divine will, he would gratefully acknowledge that spiritual dew and rain, wind and lightning, cloud and sunshine, all help his growth, as their natural forms bring to maturity the flowers and grain. 'Whosoever quarrels with his fate, does not understand it,' says Bettine; and among all her inspired sayings, she spoke none wiser." — *Mrs. L. M. Child.*

"The simplest faith, be it only deep and trustful, the very smallest idea of a mission in life assigned by God, — be it only lovingly and clearly seen, — 'lifteth the poor out of the dust,' and 'to them that have no might increaseth strength.' As of old it banished disease, and couched the blind, and soothed the maniac, by miracles of power, so does it still heal and bless by its miracles of love. It puts a divine fire into the dullest soul, and draws it

Saul also among the prophets; it turns the peasant into the apostle, and the apostle's meanest follower into the martyr."— *James Martineau.*

"A little consideration of what takes place around us every day would show us, that a higher law than that of our wills regulates events; that our painful labors are unnecessary and fruitless; that only in our simple, easy, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine. Belief and love, — a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care. O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature, that we prosper when we accept its advice, and when we struggle to wound its creatures, our hands are glued to our sides, or they beat our own breasts. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word." — *Emerson.*

OROTUND QUALITY.

The **Orotund** is the pure tone deepened, and intensified for the expression of the more earnest and vehement passages of feeling, or the profound emotions of the soul.

It produces a greater resonance in the head and chest, requires depression in the larynx, opening of the throat, extension of the mouth, and expansion of the whole chest.

Exercises upon this tone are admirably adapted to strengthen the vocal organs, and give life and spirit to the student of oratory; being also important, in a physical point of view, by strengthening and expanding the lungs.

It is the only kind of voice appropriate to the master style of epic and dramatic reading, the full body of the tone giving satisfactory expression to sentiments associated with dignity and grandeur.

Orotund quality admits of three degrees, called, according to the intensity of emotion, **effusive, expulsive,** and **explosive** orotund, (corresponding to *effusive, expulsive,* and *explosive breathing.*) In other cases it is combined with aspiration, being rendered impure by violence of emotion and force of breath.

Effusive orotund is heard in the utterance of sentiments of *solemnity* and *pathos*, when mingled with *grandeur* and *sublimity*. It is also the appropriate tone of *reverence* and *adoration*.

Examples.

"Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide forever
The houses of Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses — Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!"

Thekla to Max. THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN. — *Schiller*

"Ah wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price
Knowing he cannot choose but pay —
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine.
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

Coventry Patmore.

"Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!"

THE MESSIAH. — *Pope.*

"O heart of mine, keep patience! — Looking forth
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth,—
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And found at last, the mystic Graal I see
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
And over all the songs of angels hear,—
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,—
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity;
Lo! in the midst, with the same look He wore
Healing and blessing on Gennesaret's shore,
Folding together, with the all-tender might
Of His great love, the dark hands and the white,
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain."

LINES ON A PRAYER-BOOK. — *Whittier.*

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvéd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovéd, sleep!"

THE SLEEP. — *Mrs. Browning.*

"Oh! change — oh! wondrous change —
Burst are the prison-bars —
This moment — *there*, so low,
So agonized — and now —
Beyond the stars!

"Oh! change — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:

The Sun eternal breaks —
The new Immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God!"
THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED. — *Mrs. Sŏut hey.*

Expulsive Orotund.

Expulsive orotund appropriately belongs to *earnest* and *vehement declamation*, to *impassioned emotion*—and therefore to any language uttered in the form of shouting.

Examples.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair,— is not he, our venerable colleague near you,—are not both already proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?" — *Supposed* SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.— *Webster.*

"The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ear the sound of clashing arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that Gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" — *Patrick Henry.*

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they are still free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! — O sacred forms, how proud you look!

How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! — I call to you
With all my voice! — I hold my hands to you,
To show they are still free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!"

WILLIAM TELL. — *Sheridan Knowles.*

"I scorn you that ye wail,
Who use your petty griefs for pedestals
To stand on, beckoning pity from without,
And deal in pathos of antitheses
Of what ye *were* forsooth, and what ye are; —
I scorn you like an angel! Yet, one cry,
I, too, would drive up, like a column erect,
Marble to marble, from my heart to heaven,
A monument of anguish, to transpierce
And overtop your vapory complaints
Expressed from feeble woes!

. . . . . .

"For, O ye heavens, ye are my witnesses,
That I, struck out from nature in a blot,
The outcast, and the mildew of things good,
The leper of angels, the excepted dust
Under the common rain of daily gifts,—
I the snake, I the tempter, I the cursed,—
To whom the highest and the lowest alike
Say, Go from us — we have no need of thee,—
Was made by God like others. Good and fair,
He did create me! — ask Him, if not fair;
Ask, if I caught not fair and silverly
His blessing for chief angels, on my head,
Until it grew there, a crown crystallized!
Ask, if He never called me by my name,
Lucifer — kindly said as 'Gabriel' —
Lucifer — soft as 'Michael!' While serene
I, standing in the glory of the lamps,
Answered 'my father,' innocent of shame
And of the sense of thunder. Ha! ye think,

White angels in your niches,— I repent,—
And would tread down my own offences, back
To service at the footstool! *That's* read wrong:
I cry as the beast did, that I may cry—
Expansive, not appealing! Fallen so deep
Against the sides of this prodigious pit,
I cry — cry — dashing out the hands of wail,
On each side, to meet anguish everywhere,
And to attest it in the ecstasy
And exultation of a woe sustained
Because provoked and chosen."

Lucifer's Curse, in DRAMA OF EXILE.— *Mrs. Browning.*

Explosive Orotund.

Explosive orotund is the language of intense passion: it is heard when the violence of emotion is beyond the control of the will, evidencing a *sudden ecstasy of terror, anger*, or any other form of *overpowering excitement.* Being heard only in the extremes of abrupt emotion, it admits of no gradations.

Examples.

"Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!"
CHILDE HAROLD.— *Byron.*

"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence! proclaim, cry it about the streets!"
Cinna, in JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Some to the common pulpits! and cry out
Liberty, freedom,and enfranchisement!" — *Cassius.— Ibid.*

"Up! comrades up! — in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls!" — ROKEBY.— *Scott.*

"Now Spirits of the Brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice — for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
THE GHEBER'S BLOODY GLEN.— *Moore.*

"I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"

Constance, in KING JOHN.

"I am not mad — I would to heaven I were!
For then 't is like I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!" — *Ibid.*

"Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound;
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to."

Arthur, in KING JOHN

"An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
He woke — to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

MARCO BOZZARIS. — *Fitz Greene Halleck*

ASPIRATION.

Aspiration is used in the absence of vocal sound; it is an expulsion of the breath, more or less strong, the words being spoken in a whisper. It may be applied to syllables of every variety of time, to all modes of stress, and to all intervals of intonation. Its use is to unite with the other functions of the voice, to give increased intensity to the utterance of the various emotions. It gives an air of *mystery;* it expresses *excessive earnestness, contempt, scorn, rage, wonder, incomprehensibility.* In connection with the semitone, it gives intensity to the *plaintiveness of distress;* and when the tremulous movement is superadded to the aspirated semitone, it will mark the deepest shade of sadness and grief within the limits of crying.

Examples.

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near:'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

Garden Song, in MAUD. — *Tennyson.*

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizen with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, — 'The foe! They come! they come!'" CHILDE HAROLD. — *Byron.*

"Oh! horror! horror! horror! — Tongue nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee! . . .
Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building. . . .
Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon!" — *Macduff, in* MACBETH.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous: and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?"
Hamlet to Ghost.

GUTTURAL QUALITY.

The Guttural is a deep under-tone used to express *hatred, contempt,* and *concentrated malignity or loathing.*

Examples.

"War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward:
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!" — *Constance, in* KING JOHN.

"I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond."
Shylock, in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanche? and Blanche these provinces!
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so."
Constance, in KING JOHN

"How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usuance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Curst be my tribe,
If I forgive him!" — *Shylock, in* MERCHANT OF VENICE

"Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou, since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven."

Satan, in PARADISE LOST

"'Traitor!' I go — but I return. This — trial!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day 's the birth of sorrows! — This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions: — Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! — all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy come down on you like Night
And Massacre seal Rome's eternal grave!"

Catiline to the Senate. — CROLY.

THE FALSETTO.

The Falsetto is that peculiar tone, heard in the higher degrees of pitch, after the natural voice breaks, or apparently outruns its power. It is used in the emphatic *scream* of *terror* or *pain;* in the expression of *extreme surprise*, *mockery*, &c.

Examples.

"He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla — 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion."

Hotspur, in HENRY FOURTH

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last:
You spurn'd me such a day: another time
You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies."

Shylock, in MERCHANT OF VENICE

"O upright judge! — Mark, Jew; — O learned judge!"

Gratiano, in Ibid.

"A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."—*Ibid.*

"'Ah!' she said, 'the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'"—*Longfellow.*

TREMOR.

The **Tremor** or **Trembling Tone** consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in *excessive grief*, *pity*, *plaintiveness;* in an intense degree of *suppressed excitement*, or *satisfaction;* and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

"The Tremor is made subservient to all kinds of passion; for there is scarce a passion, whether of joy, grief, or exultation, — there is scarce even a sentiment, whether of tenderness or supplication, contempt, indignant scorn, or any other connatural state of feeling, — to which this function of the voice does not at times add a much higher degree of impressiveness than could be effected solely by the concrete movement."— *Tower.*

Examples.

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott."— *Tennyson.*

"Weep, my Æschylus,
But low and far, upon Sicilian shores!
For since 't was Athens (so I read the myth)
Who gave commission to that fatal weight,
The tortoise, cold and hard, to drop on thee
And crush thee, — better cover thy bald head;
She 'll hear the forest hum of Hyblan bee
Before thy loud'st protesting."

AURORA LEIGH. — *Mrs. Browning*

"St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hair limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsmans' fingers, while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayers he saith."

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.—*Keats*

"Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusty or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant; in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as you flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your note his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or e'en,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

PARADISE LOST

"Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good morning."

LIFE.—*Mrs. Barbauld*

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;

Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies."

ONLY WAITING

MODULATION, Continued.

Every tone may have its chief characteristics classed under the three following heads: **Force, Pitch,** and **Rate.**

First. **Force,** which regards the impulse of sound, and characterizes a tone as loud, faint, or moderate in utterance.

Second. **Pitch,** which regards the strain of the voice in which words are uttered as on high, low, or middle notes of the musical scale.

Third. **Rate,** which regards the utterance or the articulation, as rapid, slow, or moderate.

Forcible and loud tones belong to the following and similar *forcible* feelings and emotions: *joy, courage, admiration,* when strongly expressive,—*anger, indignation, revenge, terror.*

Gentle, soft, or *weak tones* characterize *fear,* when not excessive,—*pity, love, admiration,* in its moderate expression,—*tenderness, grief,* and *sorrow,* when not excessive,—all of which imply comparative feebleness of feeling. Fear and grief, in excess, becomes loud.

Low notes, as naturally coinciding with deep feeling, are the appropriate expression of *awe, sublimity, reverence, amazement, indignation, anger,* when grave and deep,—*horror.*

High notes belong to the extremes of *joy* and of *grief;* they characterize the tone of terror; they prevail, also, in *pathetic* and *tender* expression. They occur sometimes in *violent anger* and in *scorn.*

Slowness characterizes the tones of grave and sedate feeling,—*awe, sublimity, solemnity, reverence, pity, admiration,* and *grief,* when deep and subdued, rather than violent.

Rapidity marks the tones of excited and agitated feeling.—*anger, eagerness, hurry, confusion, fear, terror, joy,* and sometimes *grief,* when strongly expressed.

Moderate emotions, or tranquil states of mind are distinguished by a *moderate* force, the *medium* pitch, and a *moderate* rate.

From Prof. Russell's observations on modulation, we glean the following: No gravity of tone, or intensity of utterance, or precision of enunciation, can atone for the absence of that natural change of the voice by

which the ear is enabled to receive and recognize the tones of the various emotions accompanying the train of thought which the speaker is expressing. These, and these only, can indicate his own sense of what he utters, or communicate it by sympathy to his audience. The adaptation of voice to the expression of sentiment, is not less important when considered in reference to meaning as dependent on distinctions strictly intellectual, or not implying a vivid or varied succession of emotions. The correct and adequate representation of continuous or successive thought, requires its appropriate intonation, as may be observed in those tones of the voice which naturally accompany discussions and argument, even in their most moderate forms. The modulation or varying of tone, is important also as a matter of cultivated taste; it is the appropriate grace of vocal expression. It has a charm founded in the constitution of our nature; it touches the finest and deepest sensibilities of the soul; it constitutes the spirit and eloquence of the human voice, whether regarded as the noblest instrument of music, or the appropriate channel of thought and feeling.

The *pitch* of the voice which may be referred to most conveniently as a standard, is that of *animated conversation.* The *average force* of the voice may be taken as that which is *sufficient for appropriate and intelligible utterance.* The *middle* or *common rate* of articulation is that which prevails in moderate emotion. Variation, then, is to be understood as any departure from one or all of these, towards either extreme of utterance, whether loud or faint, high or low, fast or slow, — or as a transition or passing from one extreme to another of one or more of these qualities. Strong emotion will require marked, and great, and sometimes, sudden changes; whilst in moderate emotion, the changes will be slight and gradual.

The common faults in single tones are,

First:—A mechanical, unmeaning sameness of voice, which indicates the absence of appropriate feeling, and deprives spoken language of its natural expression.

Second:—A want of force and vividness in tone, though otherwise appropriate,— a fault which renders delivery feeble, uninteresting, and unimpressive.

Third:—An excessive force of tone, usually attended by a mouthing or a drawling manner, — a style utterly repugnant to correct taste, and subversive of the genuine expression of emotion.

Fourth:—An habitual and personal tone, which characterizes the individual speaker merely, and is not the appropriate expression of feeling, but rather interferes with and prevents it.

The first two of these faults would be avoided by entering deeply and fully into the sentiment which is expressed in the language read or spoken. This can be done only by giving to it that earnest and steadfast attention which is required to produce interest and sympathy in the mind, — the true source of appropriate and natural tones.

The third error arises from the habit of allowing the attention to float on the stream of language, instead of directing it to the thoughts expressed in what is read. The harmonious succession of the words, and not the force or beauty of the ideas, becomes involuntarily the object which occupies the mind; and hence arises a measured and rhythmical flow of tone, adapted to clauses and sentences according to their sound, rather than to their sense. The fault is usually exemplified in the recitation of poetry. This habit would be overcome by directing the attention to the thought as exclusively as possible, — not suffering the mind to linger upon the phraseology, but endeavoring to attune the ear to a style of utterance flowing from the energy and harmony of the ideas.

The fourth class of errors being as various as the habits of different persons, cannot be specifically described. They are necessarily points of attention between teachers and pupils individually.

The bad consequences of these faults are obvious. By monotony in reading, we lose almost as much as we should by pronouncing in conversation every word in the same key. The voice becomes insipid and childish in its tone; meaning is entirely extracted from it; sense is sacrificed to timidity or awkwardness of habit, and the mental power of utterance is exchanged for a dull and lifeless uniformity or organic exercise, — unworthy of a human being, and resembling rather the reiterated sound of a machine.

Rhetorical affectation, on the other hand, is disgusting in its effect; it obscures or changes meaning by ill-judged and unnecessary variations of voice; it obtrudes the speaker to the exclusion of his subject, and substitutes a ridiculous parade of art for the simple eloquence of nature.

Early practice in modulation is of the utmost importance, as the foundation of good habit; and this department of elocution instead of being deferred till late in the course, should be introduced as early as possible, and cultivated with the utmost attention.

The first object of attention in practising in this department of elocution, should be to eradicate faulty and personal tones, as influenced by habits of utterance, articulation, emphasis, or cadence. The imitation of incorrect tones may sometimes be necessary, to give the learner a distinct conception of the fault to be overcome.

The next point is to succeed in producing force and appropriateness in tone, and facility in variation. One expedient for this purpose is by frequent illustrations and repetitions to impress on the reader's mind, the difference between true and false tones of voice, — those of dignified conversation, and those of familiar talk, or of mechanical and monotonous reading. Another means of rectifying errors of this class, is, by interesting conversation and illustrative anecdote, to bring the learner's mind into the right mood of emotion, for the full expression of the sentiment.

The pupil's own attentive study of the meaning of what he reads,

is, however, the best security for natural force and variation of tone. Little improvement can be made in intonation, till the learner has acquired the power of abstracting his attention from a mechanical enunciation of the words he is reading, and can fix his mind with such force on the thoughts as to make them his own.

The teacher may, by the proper selection of exercises in reading, do much to favor the acquisition of easy and natural tones of voice, care being taken that for young readers nothing is chosen which is above their comprehension, or not adapted to their taste. Monotonous dulness and forced variety of tone, are equally caused by promiscuous and inappropriate reading. Where the mind has not the command of thought and feeling, it will naturally flow into a mechanical attention to words; and in reading or speaking, the tones of the voice, (as they are always a true echo to the actual state of feeling,) will indicate the fact by formal and unmeaning utterance.

"'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear;
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.
Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll:
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid, and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he who, swollen with big, impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
He who in earnest studies o'er his part
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,

And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes:
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul, is there."— *Lloyd.*

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. . . . O, there be players, that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."—*Hamlet's Instruction to the Players.*

SELECTIONS.

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF PURE TONE.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart, let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, — Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them group'd in seemly show,
The straiten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive,
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmur of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies; —
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtask'd at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

CRANMER'S PROPHECY. From "*Henry Eighth.*"

Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honor,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: — Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven. . . . .

She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

Gerald Massey.

There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart,
And its sweet lispings win me, till the tears a-trembling start;
Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me—
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Night's starry tendernesses dower with glory evermore,
Morn's budding, bright, melodious hour comes sweetly as of yore;
But there be million hearts accurst, where no sweet sun-bursts shine,
And there be million hearts athirst for Love's immortal wine.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

If faith, and hope, and kindness pass'd, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,
How, thro' the eye's tear-blindness, should the sudden soul upstart!
The dreary, dim, and desolate, should wear a sunny bloom,
And Love should spring from buried Hate, like flowers o'er Winter's tomb.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

With truth our uttered language, Angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see the golden Age again:
The burthen'd heart should soar in mirth like Morn's young prophet lark,
And Misery's last tear wept on earth, quench Hell's last cunning spark.
For this world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Lo! plenty ripens round us, yet awakes the cry for bread,
The millions still are toiling, crusht, and clad in rags, unfed!
While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with fruit and grain,
But the paupers in the palace rob their toiling fellow-men.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Dear God! what hosts are trampled 'mid this killing crush for gold!
What noble hearts are sapp'd of love! what spirits lose life's hold!

Yet a merry world it might be, opulent for all, and aye,
With its lands that ask for labour, and its wealth that wastes away
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flow'r-lips of the sod--
The happy Birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God—
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me—
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS OF EFFUSIVE OROTUND QUALITY.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG. *Abraham Lincoln.*

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, *to be dedicated*, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

EXTRACT FROM THE SECOND INAUGURAL. *Ibid.*

Both parties deprecated war: but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish: and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in

the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE PEOPLE.

From "*The Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln.*"

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from his Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us, with a silence more eloquent than words, how bravely, how truly by the strength of God he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this — "He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." The *Shepherd of the People!* that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of Liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable — how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed *all* his people from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong. "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the

last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with Mercy and the North with Charity, and the whole land with Peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him and his work was done.

EXTRACT. *Charles Sumner.*

Mourn not the dead, but rejoice in his life and example. Rejoice as you point to this child of the people, who was lifted so high that republican institutions became manifest in him! Rejoice that through him Emancipation was proclaimed! Above all, see to it that his constant vows are fulfilled, and that the promises of the Fathers are maintained, so that no person in the upright form of man can be shut out from their protection. Then will the unity of the republic be fixed on a foundation that cannot fail, and other nations will enjoy its security. The corner-stone of National Independence is already in its place, and on it is inscribed the name of George Washington. There is another stone which must have its place at the corner also. This is the Declaration of Independence with all its promises fulfilled. On this stone we will gratefully inscribe the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXTRACT FROM "ALTON LOCKE." *Charles Kingsley.*

And he was gone at last! Kind women, whom his unknown charities had saved from shame, laid him out duly, and closed his eyes, and bound up that face that never would beam again with genial humor, those lips that would never again speak courage and counsel to the sinful, the oppressed, the forgotten. And there he lay, the old warrior dead upon his shield; worn out by long years of manful toil in The People's Cause; and, saddest thought of all, by disappointment in those for whom he spent his soul. True, he was aged; no one knew how old. He had said, more than eighty years; but we had shortened his life and we knew it. He would never see that deliverance for which he had been toiling ever since the days when as a boy he had listened to Tooke and Cartwright, and the patriarchs of the people's freedom. Bitter, bitter, were our thoughts, and bitter were our tears, as Crossthwaite and I stood watching that beloved face, now in death refined to a grandeur, to a youthful simplicity and delicacy, which we had never seen on it before — calm and strong — the square jaws set firm even in death — the lower lip still clenched above the upper, as if in a divine indignation and everlasting protest, even in the grave, against the devourers of the earth. Yes, he was gone — the old lion, worn out

with many wounds, dead in his cage. Where could we replace him? There were gallant men among us, eloquent, well-read, earnest — men whose names will ring through this land ere long — men who had been taught wisdom, even as he, by the sinfulness, the apathy, the ingratitude, as well as by the sufferings of their fellows. But where should we two find again the learning, the moderation, the long experience, above all the more than woman's tenderness of him whom we had lost? And at that time, too, of all others! Alas! we had despised his counsel; wayward and fierce, we would have none of his reproof; and now God had withdrawn him from us; the righteous was taken away from the evil to come. For we knew that evil was coming. We felt all along that we should *not* succeed. But we were desperate; and his death made us more desperate; still at the moment it drew us nearer to each other. Yes — we were rudderless upon a roaring sea, and all before us blank with lurid blinding mist; but still we were together, to live and die; and as we looked into each other's eyes, and clasped each other's hands above the dead man's face, we felt that there was love between us, as of Jonathan and David, passing the love of woman.

Few words passed. Even our passionate artisan-nature, so sensitive and voluble in general, in comparison with the cold reserve of the field-laborer and the gentleman, was hushed in silent awe between the thought of the past and the thought of the future. We felt ourselves trembling between two worlds. We felt that to-morrow must decide our destiny—and we felt rightly, though little we guessed what that destiny would be!

EXTRACT FROM "THE POTIPHAR PAPERS."

Geo. William Curtis.

These elegant Pendennises we saw at Mrs. Potiphar's, but not without a sadness which can hardly be explained. They had been boys once, all of them, fresh and frank-hearted, and full of a noble ambition. They had read and pondered the histories of great men; how they resolved, and struggled, and achieved. In the pure portraiture of genius, they had loved and honoured noble women, and each young heart was sworn to truth and the service of beauty. Those feelings were chivalrous and fair. Those boyish instincts clung to whatever was lovely, and rejected the specious snare, however graceful and elegant. They sailed, new knights, upon the old and endless crusade against hypocrisy and the devil, and they were lost in the luxury of Corinth, nor longer seek the difficult shores beyond. A present smile was worth a future laurel. The ease of

the moment was worth immortal tranquillity. They renounced the stern worship of the unknown God, and acknowledged the deities of Athens. But the seal of their shame is their own smile at their early dreams, and the high hopes of their boyhood, their sneering infidelity of simplicity, their skepticism of motives and of men.

EXTRACT. *Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour, — let him who has passed through it say how awful, — when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span: when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name; and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may arise from the fountain of truth itself; to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which for aught he knows may be light from heaven, — and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scatheless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still, — the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, — when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him,— has obstinately clung to moral good Thrice blessed, because *his* night shall pass into clear, bright day.

I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that hour of agony, and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above,

with a faith, and hope, and trust no longer traditional but of his own,—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake henceforth forever.

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF OROTUND QUALITY.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers, —
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows:
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west —
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly! —
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so? —
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago —
The old tree is leafless in the forest —
The old year is ending in the frost —
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest —
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosom of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy —
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary —
Our grave rest is very far to seek!

Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,—
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old!"

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
That we die before our time!
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work, in the close clay:
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"

Alas, the wretched children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through.
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the cold shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground —
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,-
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,)—
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
As if Fate in each were stark,
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
That they look to Him and pray—
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,—
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words, except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,—"Up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find!
Do not mock us; grief has left us unbelieving,—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what you teach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you;
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom,
Are bitter with despairing, but not calm—
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
No dear remembrance keep,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity;—

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT. *Thomas Hood*

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt

Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shatter'd roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work —
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour

To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL. *Alexander Pope.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

EXTRACT FROM "A RHAPSODY OF LIFE'S PROGRESS."

Mrs. Browning.

Help me, God — help me, man! I am low, I am weak —
Death loosens my sinews and creeps in my veins;
My body is cleft by these wedges of pains,
From my spirit's serene;
And I feel the externe and insensate creep in
On my organized clay.
I sob not, nor shriek,
Yet I faint fast away!
I am strong in the spirit, — deep-thoughted, clear-eyed, —
I could walk, step for step, with an angel beside,
On the Heaven-heights of Truth! —
Oh! the soul keeps its youth —
But the body faints sore, it is tired in the race, —
It sinks from the chariot ere reaching the goal;
It is weak, it is cold,
The rein drops from its hold —
It sinks back with the death in its face!
On, chariot, — on, soul, —
Ye are all the more fleet —
Be alone at the goal
Of the strange and the sweet!
Love us, God! — love us, man! We believe, we achieve —
Let us love, let us live,
For the acts correspond —
We are glorious — and DIE!
And again on the knee of a mild Mystery
That smiles with a change,
Here we lie!
O DEATH, O BEYOND,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange!

COWPER'S GRAVE.

Ibid.

"I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,
That we may see there 's brightness in the dead."—*Habington.*

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying —
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying —

Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence, languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story —
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory —
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted —

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be in praise,
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose Heaven hath won him —
Who suffered once the madness-cloud,
Toward His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain,
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars,
Harmonious influences!

The pulse of dew upon the grass,
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadows from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him, true and loving! —
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while, in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy-desolated —
Nor man, nor nature satisfy,
Whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around —
"My mother! where's my mother?" —
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th' unweary love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes,
Which closed in death, to save him.

Thus! oh, not *thus!* no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs, round him breaking —

Or felt the new immortal throb
  Of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew
  "*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
  The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face
  No love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
  Th' atoning drops averted —
What tears have washed them from the soul —
  That *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
  From His own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between
  The righteous Son and Father —
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry
  His universe hath shaken —
It went up single, echoless,
  "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips
  Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
  Those words of desolation;
That, earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope,
  Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
  His rapture, in a vision!

THE WAITING. *John G. Whittier*

I wait and watch: before my eyes
  Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears uprise
  Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
  I hear the day sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
  The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
  I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet,
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
  And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
  The steps of progress wait for me;
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
  A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
  And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
  And God shall make the balance good.

O power to do! O baffled will!
  O prayer and action! ye are one;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
  And good but wished with God is done!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF TONE.

TO A SKYLARK. *Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
  From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
  Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, or feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: 'Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!'"—*Jacques Bridaine.*

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from the station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night.
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long-since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

BUGLE SONG. From "*The Princess.*"—*Tennyson.*

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM. *Thomas Hood.*

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;

To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shown the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read —
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"

The young boy gave an upward glance.—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shown clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"O, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite: —
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—

A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—

Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again — again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —
It stands before me now!"
The fearful Boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

A PSALM OF LIFE. *Longfellow.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR.

From "*In Memoriam.*" — *Tennyson.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

"POOR JO." From "*Bleak House*."—*Dickens.*

"Well, Jo! What is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-all-Alone's. Am I, sir?"

"No." Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am wery thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice:

"Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he was a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he was a speakin' to his-self, and not to me. He prayed a lot but I couldn't make out nothing on it. Different times there wos other gen'lmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin', but they mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talking to theirselves, or a passing blame on the t'others, and not a

talkin' to us. We never knowd nothink. I never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin-ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me: wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo. By-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they would n't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and have me laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir. Thankee, sir. They 'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin' — a gropin' — let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I 'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I know it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father! — Yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven — is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!"

"Hallowed be — thy — name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! Dead your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and

women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

SCENE FROM "MACBETH." *Shakespeare.*

Macbeth alone.

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As that which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offering; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — While I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire: — Hark! — Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the suspected grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth (*within*). Who 's there? — what ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed: — Did'st thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! —
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

(*Looking on his hands.*)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen.* the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house.
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things: — Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from their place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

(*Exit.* — *Knocking within.*)

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green — one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. — (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking
At the south entry: —— retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — (*Knocking.*) Hark, more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchless: — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not know myself.
(*Knock.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou couldst!

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. (1571.)
Jean Ingelow.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
"For the dews will soone be falling;

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene,
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" strait he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet.
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
'O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And did'st thou visit him no more?
Thou did'st, thou did'st, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to see;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

THE MAY QUEEN. *Tennyson.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the Shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers;
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year.
It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now:
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow:
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place:
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face:
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door:
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me before the day is born,
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise.
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay: and yet, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call:
It was when the morn was setting, and the dark was over all;
The bees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me — I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them, it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near: I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day,
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret:
There 's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE BELLS. *Edgar A. Poe*

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune.
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding-cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! — how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher. higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking and the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells:—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells:—

To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

Wm. Collins

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, Oh Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scene at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;

And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung, but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And clashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

. . . . . .

GODIVA. *Tennyson*

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this: —
Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair

A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" — "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead

Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

EXTRACT FROM "THE PRINCESS." *Tennyson.*

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands —
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her —
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down —
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her — let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!

EXTRACT FROM THE "RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY."

Mrs. Browning.

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars up against her suing,—
Toll slowly!
With the inarticulate din, and the dreadful falling in—
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands closed again,—
Toll slowly!
Back he reined the steed—back, back! but she trailed along his track,
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foeman pour through the crash of window and door,—
Toll slowly!
And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of "kill!" and "flee!"
Strike up clear the general roar,

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain,—but they closed and clung again,—
Toll slowly!
Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood.
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute, — with her shuddering lips half-shut, —

Toll slowly!

Her head fallen as in a swound, — hair and knee swept on the ground, —

She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed, back-thrown on the slippery coping stone, —

Toll slowly!

Back the iron hoofs did grind, on the battlement behind,

Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode,

Toll slowly!

"Friends, and brothers! save my wife! — Pardon, sweet, in change for life, —

But I ride alone to God!"

Strait as if the Holy name did upbreathe her as a flame, —

Toll slowly!

She upsprang, she rose upright! — in his selle she sat in sight;

By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest, —

Toll slowly!

"Ring," she cried, "O vesper-bell, in the beech-wood's old chapelle!

But the passing bell rings best."

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose — in vain, —

Toll slowly!

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,

On the last verge, rears amain.

And he hangs, he rocks between — and his nostrils curdle in, —

Toll slowly!

And he shivers head and hoof — and the flakes of foam fall off;

And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe, from his staring eyes did go —

Toll slowly!

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony

Of the headlong death below, —

And, "Ring, ring, — thou passing bell," still she cried, "i' the old chapelle!

Toll slowly!

Then back-toppling, crashing back — a dead weight flung out to wrack,
Horse and riders overfell!

. . . . . .

EXTRACT FROM "THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY."

Bernard of Cluni. Trans. by John Mason Neale.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy,
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

. . . . . .

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;

Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

. . . . . .

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

. . . . . .

They stand those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

. . . . . .

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

. . . . . .

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

THE SOLDIER FROM BINGEN. *Mrs. Norton.*

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away
And bent with pitying glance to hear each word he had to say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own — my native land!
Take a message and a token to the distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts,— the last of many scars!
But some were young, and suddenly beheld Life's morn decline,—
And *one* had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword!
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place — (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another,—not a sister,—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain — my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along — I heard or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still,
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his gasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn!
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave — the good — the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou.
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,

And died for me and you!
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home — a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, they fought, and bravely died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged — those boys in blue —
'Mid surging smoke, and volley'd ball
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men — the nation's pride -
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saint's of old,
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due;
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

INFLECTIONS.

Inflections are the peculiar slides which the voice takes in pronouncing a letter, syllable, or word.

The **Rising Inflection** is the upward slide of the voice. It may be indicated by the acute accent (′).

The **Falling Inflection** is the downward slide of the voice. It may be indicated by the grave accent (̀).*

The **Circumflex** or **Wave** is the union of the rising and falling inflections. It is called *Direct* when the first interval ascends (^); *Inverted*, when the order of the intervals is reversed (v); *Equal*, when the rising and falling are the same, and *Unequal*, when they are different. It is called *Single* when two intervals only are thus joined (v or ^); *Double*, when another is joined continuously to the second of the single form (v^).

"The use of **Inflection** is to give significance to speech; it constitutes that part of modulation addressed to the understanding, ranking next to distinct articulation, as the means of rendering consecutive oral expression intelligible. It has, too, a certain effect of local melody,—so to term it,—in the successive clauses of a sentence, without which aid we could not discriminate between the commencement and the completion of a thought addressed to the ear.

Propriety of tone, even in the plainest forms of prose reading, is wholly dependent on the right use of inflections. . . . In the reading of verse, appropriate inflections are the only means of avoiding the two great evils of monotony and chant."—*Russell.*

"Words may be considered under three aspects: as representatives of simple thought, as indicative of an enforcing of thought and as expressive of passion. The progress of the voice in speaking (as before stated) is called *Melody*. The course of melody under the direction of simple thought, is through the interval of a tone in the radical change, with a concrete rise of a tone from each of those radicals. But the portions of discourse representing simple thought are limited: thoughts are to be enforced and passions expressed. The tenor of the simple diatonic melody is therefore often interrupted by an occurrence of wider intervals of the scale both in the concrete and discrete forms."—*Rush.*

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* Should the pupil be unable readily to distinguish between the rising and falling inflections, the following plan may be adopted to overcome the difficulty.

Take for illustration the word "constitution." To exemplify the use of the falling inflection, let the question be asked, "What is the word?"—The answer—"Constitution"—will inevitably be given with the falling slide of the voice. To secure the use of the rising slide, a direct question, (demanding a positive answer,—"yes," or "no"—) may be asked by the pupil; thus, "Is the word 'Constitution'?" The interrogation will be involuntarily made with the rising inflection.

By the term **Octave** is meant the uninterrupted movement of the voice from any assumed radical place, through the notes of the scale, till it vanishes in the eighth degree above or below that radical place.

The **Rising Octave** expresses the most *forcible degree of interrogation*, and of *emphasis* on a *rising interval*. It is the appropriate intonation of questions accompanied with *contempt, mirth, raillery*, and the temper or triumph of *peevish* or *indignant argument*.

Examples.

"My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be. . . . .

"Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet." — SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. — *Sheridan.*

"Do you deny me justice? Saints of heaven,
He turns from me! Do you deny me justice?
For fifteen years, while in these lands dwelt empire,
The humblest craftsman — the obscurest vassal —
The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice!
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you — Courts and Princes —
Kneeling for favors; — but erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights! my liege, my Lord,
Do you refuse me justice — audience even —
In the pale presence of the baffled Murther?"

RICHELIEU. — *Bulwer*

"What? shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Deliver'd up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord that he would scourge her lightly!"

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. — *Henry Taylor*

"If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction." — *Shylock, in* THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Rising Fifth, like the octave, is used for *interrogation*, — for *wonder* and *admiration*, when they embrace a slight degree of *inquiry* and *doubt*, and for *emphasis*. It has, however, less of the smart inquisitiveness of the latter interval; it is the most common form of interrogation, and without having the piercing force of the octave, is equally capable of energy, and is always more dignified in its expression.

"The intonation of the octave, whether by concrete or by radical pitch, is rarely employed; since a rise of eight degrees above the ordinary line of utterance carries most speakers into the falsette. And even with those in whom the rise might not exceed the natural voice, the melody, when suddenly changed in radical pitch, would often be ludicrous, from contrast; or would be in danger of breaking into the falsette in its variations; or would be beyond the limits of the speaker's skilful elocution. These objections do not apply to an occasional skip of radical pitch through the ascent of the fifth; the variation being less striking in contrast; and the interval of a fifth above the common range of the voice, being rarely beyond practicable management." — *Rush.*

Examples.

"Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets fly!
Leave Marmion here alone to die."

MARMION — *Scott.*

"They tell us, Sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?" — *Patrick Henry.*

"Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Not so. Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth? O, shall the braggart shout
For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself
Through madness, hated by the wise, to law
System and empire? Sin itself be found
The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun?
And only he, this wonder, dead, become
Mere highway dust? or year by year alone
Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of himself?
If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all,
Better the narrow brain, the stony heart,
The staring eye glared o'er with sapless days,
The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
The set gray life, and apathetic end.
But am I not the nobler through thy love?
O three times less unworthy! likewise thou
Art more through Love, and greater than thy years.
The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of Knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.
Will some one say, then why not ill for good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
My works shall answer, since I knew the right
And did it: for a man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a man."

LOVE AND DUTY. — *Tennyson*

"When the great Ship of Life,
Surviving, though shattered, the tumult and strife
Of earth's angry element, — masts broken short,
Decks drench'd, bulwarks beaten — drives safe into port;
When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand;
When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled roar,
The mariner turns to his rest evermore;
What will then be the answer the helmsman must give?
Will it be. . . . 'Lo our log book! Thus once did we live
In the zones of the South; thus we traversed the seas
Of the Orient; there dwelt in the Hesperides:
Thence followed the west wind; here, eastward we turned;
The stars failed us there; just here land we discerned
On our lea; there the storm overtook us at last;
That day went the bowsprit, the next day the mast;
There the mermen came round us, and there we saw bask
A syren?' The Captain of Port will he ask
Any one of such questions? I cannot think so!
But . . . 'what is the last Bill of Health you can show?'
Not — How fared the soul through the trials she pass'd?
But, — What is the state of that soul at the last?"

LUCILE. — *Owen Meredith.*

The **Rising Third** is also used for *interrogative expression* and for *emphasis:* but its degree in both these cases is less than the fifth. It is the sign of interrogation in its most moderate form, and carries with it none of those sentiments, which, jointly with the question, were allotted to the Fifth and Octave.

Examples.

"What would'st thou have a great good man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

THE GOOD GREAT MAN. — *Coleridge.*

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered — 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou; 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

"The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd —
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

ABOU BEN ADHEM. — *Leigh Hunt.*

"Passion is blind, not love; her wondrous might
Informs with threefold power man's inward sight;
To her deep glance, the soul, at large displayed,
Shows all its mingled mass of light and shade:
Men call her blind when she but turns her head,
Nor scans the fault for which her tears are shed.
Can dull Indifference or Hate's troubled gaze
See through the secret heart's mysterious maze?
Can Scorn and Envy pierce that 'dread abode'
Where true faults rest beneath the eye of God?
Not theirs, 'mid inward darkness, to discern
The spiritual splendors, how they shine and burn.
All bright endowments of a noble mind
They, who with joy behold them, soonest find;
And better none its stains of frailty know
Than they who fain would see it white as snow."— *Coleridge.*

"And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: — else much more wretched were the cace
Of men than beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace

Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant
Against foule fiends, to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should Hevenly God to men have such regard!"

FAERIE QUEENE. — *Spenser.*

The Downward Octave expresses the highest degree of *admiration*, *astonishment*, and *positive command*, either alone or united with other sentiments. Its expression is marked by a quaint sentiment of familiarity, or an excessive degree of violence.

Examples.

"I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and sun of your own: I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of your trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you; I'll disinherit you; and hang me, if ever I call you Jack again!"

THE RIVALS. — *Knowles.*

"Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forced to scold." — CORIOLANUS. — *Shakespeare.*

"Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there

That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it. — Boy!"— *Ibid.*

"Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law!
Banished from Rome! What 's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
Tried and convicted traitor! Who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword 's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and defiance in your face!
Your consul 's merciful. — For this, all thanks,
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!"

Catiline to the Senate. — Croly.

The Downward Fifth has in many respects a meaning, similar to the octave, but it clothes its sentiments of *smiling surprise*, *admiration*, and *command* with greater *dignity*. Its concrete, like that of the octave, may be modified in meaning by different applications of stress.

Examples.

"A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms."

King, in RICHARD THIRD.

"Begone! run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
That needs must light on this ingratitude!"

Marcellus, in JULIUS CÆSAR.

"'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou 'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and — crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar."

CATO.— *Addison*

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth."

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.— *Tennyson.*

"The **Downward Third** has an expression similar to that of the fifth, but of more moderate degree. Dignity of vocal character, like that of personal gesture, consists not only in the slowness of time, and the restraint of effort, but in a limitation within the widest range of movement. As there is most composure in an interrogation by the use of a third, so the expression of surprise and admiration by a downward interval, is most subdued and dignified when heard on the falling third."

As the rising third is used for emphasis alone, independently of its interrogative import, so the falling third may be employed without expressing surprise or command, merely for varying the effect of intonation.

Examples.

"Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute

to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. . . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means." —AREOPAGITICA.—*Milton.*

"People do not see the strange things which pass them every day. 'The romance of real life' is only one to the romantic spirit. And then they set up for critics instead of *pupils;* as if the artist's business was not just to see what they cannot see — to open their eyes to the harmonies and the discords, the miracles and the absurdities, which seem to them one uniform gray fog of commonplaces." — *Kingsley.*

"No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser, — the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream. . . .

There are graces in the demeanor of a polished and noble person that are lost upon the eye of a churl. These are like the stars whose light has not yet reached us." — *Emerson.*

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee" — *Doddridge.*

"The truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed:
Though He is so bright and we so dim
We are made in His image to witness Him;
And were no eye in us to tell,
Instructed by no inner sense,
The light of Heaven from the dark of Hell,

That light would want its evidence, —
Though Justice, Good and Truth were still
Divine, if, by some demon's will,
Hatred and wrong had been proclaimed
Law through the worlds, and Right misnamed,
No mere exposition of morality
Made or in part or in totality,
Should win you to give it worship, therefore."

CHRISTMAS-EVE. — *Robert Browning.*

"Here 's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since:
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince!
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

"This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What 's a name! was it love, or praise,
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

GARDEN FANCIES. — *Ibid.*

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea:
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee."

Garden Song, in MAUD. — *Tennyson.*

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

"Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false light on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea:
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee."

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP. — *Longfellow.*

The **Interval of the Second** is the basis of the diatonic melody; in correct and agreeable elocution, it is more used than any other, being appropriate to those parts of discourse which convey the plain thoughts of the speaker, as contradistinguished from the feelings and emphatic sentiments which call for wider intervals and other forms of expression.

"The simple rise and fall of the second, and perhaps its wave, when used for plain narration, or for the mere statement of an unexcited idea, is the only intonated voice of man that does not spring from a passionate, or, in some degree, an earnest condition of his mind. If we listen to his ignorance, doubt, selfishness, arrogance, and injustice, we hear the vivid forms of vocal expression, proceeding from these and related passions. Thus we have the rising intervals of the fifth and octave, for interrogatives, not of wisdom but of envious curiosity; the downward third, fifth, and octave, for dogmatic or tyrannical command; waves for the surprise of ignorance, the snarling of ill-humor, and the curling voice, along with the curling lip of contempt: the piercing height of pitch for the scream of terror; the semitone, for the peevish whine of discontent, and for the puling cant of the hypocrite and the knave, who cover, beneath the voice of kindness, the designs of their craft. Then listen to him on those rare occasions, when he forgets himself and his passions, and has to utter a simple idea, or plainly to narrate; and you will hear the second, the least obtrusive interval of the scale, in the admirable harmony of nature, made the simple sign of the unexcited sentiment of her wisdom and truth." — *Rush.*

Examples.

"If we were to analyze the philosophy which Coleridge employed in his judgment on books, and by which he may be said to have made criticism a precious department of literature,—raising it into a higher and purer region than was ever approached by the contracted and shallow dogmatism of the earlier school of critics, — it would, I think, he proved that he differed from them in nothing more than this, that he cast aside the wilfulness and self-assurance of the mere reasoning faculties; his marvellous powers were wedded to a childlike humility and a womanly confidingness, and thus his spirit found an avenue, closed to feeble and less docile intellects, into the deep places of the souls of mighty poets: his genius as a critic rose to its majestic height, not only by its inborn manly strength, but because, with woman-like faith, it first bowed beneath the law of obedience and love." — *Henry Reed.*

"Our purity of taste is best tested by its universality, for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite or false nature. But if we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may agree that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws. Hence false taste may be known by its fastidiousness, by its demands of pomp, splendor, and unusual combination, by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things, and by its pride also, for it is forever meddling, mending, accumulating, and self-exalting; its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things around it by the way they fit it. But true taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, lamenting over itself, and testing itself by the way it fits things."—*Ruskin.*

"A picture, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself, in due proportion with the miracle which has been wrought. Let the canvas glow as it may, you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence escapes you. There is always the necessity of helping out the painter's art with your own resources of sensibility and imagination. Not that these qualities really add anything to what the master has effected; but they must be put so entirely under his control, and work along with him to such an extent, that, in a different mood, when you are cold and critical, instead of sympathetic,

you will be apt to fancy that the loftier merits of the picture were of your own dreaming, not of his creating." — *Hawthorne.*

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. The best of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, in rules of art can ever teach, namely, a radiation from the work of art of human character,— a wonderful expression through stone, or canvas, or musical sound, of the deepest and simplest attributes of our nature, and therefore most intelligible at last to those souls which have these attributes." — *Emerson.*

"No man knows the highest goodness who does not feel beauty. The beauty of holiness is its highest object. To act right because it is beautiful, and because noble, true, self-denying, pure acts commend themselves to a soul attuned to harmony, is the highest kind of goodness. To see the King in his beauty is the loftiest and most unearthly attainment. Can any one be keenly alive to this who has no heart for external beauty? Surely he who is callous to form and color, and unmoved by visible beauty, is not above, but below our nature; he may be good, but not in the highest idea of goodness." — *Robertson.*

"There is a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the Beautiful, when it is real cultivation, and not a mere unguided instinct. He who has learned what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realize it in his own life — will keep before him a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self-culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good; for it includes the Good, and adds something to it: it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing. . . . Art, when really cultivated, and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained; and by this idea it trains us never to be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are: to idealize, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all, our own characters and lives." — *John Stuart Mill.*

The Wave, according to its forms, expresses, *sorrow, admiration, surprise, interrogation, mirthful wonder, contempt, scorn,* &c.

In semitonic melody it is used in the expression of *sorrow, vexation, chagrin, contrition, impatience, pity, love, supplication, fatigue, pain,* &c.

In the double form, the wave denotes *mockery, petulance, contempt, sorrow,* &c.

It is emphatically used on long quantities requiring these sentiments.

Examples.

"Go to your darling people, then; for soon
If I mistake not, 't will be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them." — WARWICK TO EDWARD. — *Franklin.*

"But lo! the Earl is mercifully minded!
And surely if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we 've sinned,
Then will my lord the Earl have mercy on us,
And pardon us our letch for liberty!"
PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. — *Taylor.*

"A most wise question that!
Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him —
Or his hand steal — or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she 'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She 'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a bare-faced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!" — VIRGINIUS. — *Sheridan Knowles.*

"I weep for ADONAIS — he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow: say, 'With me

Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'

"Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiléd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sat, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death."

ADONAIS. — *Shelley.*

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the bless'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.'

LYCIDAS — *Milton.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.—THE WAVE IN HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

THE REFORM BILL. *Sydney Smith.*

I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people.

The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons — because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us there are but two things certain in this world — death and taxes

As for the possibility of the house of lords preventing, ere long, a reform of parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion.

In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town — the tide rose to an incredible height — the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and feathers, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease — be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

THE ART OF BOOK KEEPING. *Thomas Hood.*

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers, — folks that fish with literary Hooks, —
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go:
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker.'
While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth, —
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 't was mine to lose, — a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," O! where was my "Leigh Hunt"?

I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"—and surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes";
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fix a lock on "Gray," there's gray upon my locks;
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide;
For O! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

CONTENTMENT. *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I would not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 't is a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby and a pearl, or so
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire:
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two. forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,

I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

MISS KILMANSEGG'S EDUCATION.

Hood.

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors—
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals, as well as art,
That play a very important part—
"Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
But alas for the elevation!
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg,
Ere her Governess came, or her masters—
Teachers of quite a different kind
Had "cramm'd" her beforehand, and put her mind
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.

And how she was born a great Heiress;
And as sure as London is built of bricks,
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
Like Her Worship the Lady May-ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
Or lessons from Barbauld or Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
With a book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd dessert like grapes by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
That people with nought were naughty.

. . . . . .

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
They praised — how they praised — her very small talk,
As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then,
The Nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,
To play with the future May'ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress or Bearess,
They told him how Lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand,
While he rubb'd, poor soul,
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pull'd by "a *Hairess*."

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
A Governess help'd to make still worse,
Giving an appetite so perverse

Fresh diet whereon to batten —
Beginning with A B C to hold
Like a royal playbill printed in gold
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,
And those about countries, cities, and towns,
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges; —
Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick — in short
Her "Early Lessons" of every sort,
Look'd like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
As he did one night when he went to the play;
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day —
Lindley Murray in like conditions —
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,
Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask —
If you wish for similar copies ask
For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,
But always the affluent, match-making kind
That ends with *Promessi Sposi*,
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand;
So, along with a ring and posy,
He endows the Bride with Golconda off hand,
And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused — but she liked the best
Those comedy gentlefolks always possess'd
Of fortunes so truly romantic —
Of money so ready that right or wrong
It always is ready to go for a song,
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong —
They ought to have purses as green and long
As the cucumber call'd the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake
Of the purse of Oriental make,
And the thousand pieces they put in it —
But Pastoral Scenes on her heart fell cold,

For Nature with her had lost its hold
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
  Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? she learnt to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
  Any more than at Babel's building —
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
  That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold! — the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold, as if for her bread;
  The metal had so undermined her.
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
  With which he walk'd behind her.

THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE.

A Legend of Gotham.—John G. Saxe.

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of Pride,
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway, — on the proper side, —
  When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
  That her stately bosom was fretting; —

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandaled in satin, should kiss the street, —
The very same that the vulgar greet
In common leather not over-"neat," —
  For such is the common booting;
(And Christian tears may well be shed,
That even among our gentlemen bred,
The glorious day of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
  On a much inferior footing!)

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,

And proud of fifty matters beside
That would n't have borne dissection.
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection!

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come,
When she was glad, and when she was glum;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop! —
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison!

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;
In sooth, her dull auricular drum
Could find in *Humble* only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
In talking about gentility.

What *Lowly* meant she did n't know,
For she always avoided "every thing low,"
With a care the most punctilious.
And queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious!

The meaning of *Meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," — a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was a person of no position;
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it was n't germane
To a lady of high condition!

Even her graces, — not her grace, —
For that was in the "vocative case," —
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,

Sat very stiffly upon her!
She never confessed a favor aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd,—
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say: "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honor!"

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But like the fabrics that gossips devise,
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size,
Was merely a fancy creation.

That her wit should never have made her vain;
Was, like her face, sufficiently plain;
And as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a Banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never indorse
For any acquaintance of ours!

Her birth indeed was uncommonly high,—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Thro' a sky-light dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion,—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth,
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,—
Nor even a couple of rotten Peers,—
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!

So subtle a tangle of Blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding a circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted Line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth, to nourish her pride,—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,
According to public rumor;
And he lived "up town," in a splendid Square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her!

An honest mechanic was John MacBride,
As ever an honest calling plied,
Or graced an honest ditty;
For John had worked in his early day,
In "Pots and Pearls," the legends say,
And kept a shop with a rich array
Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city.

No *rara avis* was honest John,
(That's the Latin for "sable swan,")
Though in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
Called honest John "Old Phœnix MacBride,"
"Because he rose from his Ashes!"

Little by little he grew to be rich,
By saving of candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reached, at last, an opulent niche,—
No very uncommon affair;
For history quite confirms the law

Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw,
"A Mickle may come to be May'r!"

Alack! for many ambitious beaux!
She hung their hopes upon her nose,—
(The figure is quite Horatian!)
Until from habit the member grew
As queer a thing as ever you knew
Turn up to observation!

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly Vulgar Fraction!

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling:
For though a regular *suitor* by trade,
He was n't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw,—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling."

(The Muse must let a secret out,—
There is n't the faintest shadow of doubt,
That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
At "the dirty low mechanicals,"
Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees,
Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
Contrived to win their children ease
From poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal views,—
Began, at once, with "If you choose,—
And could you really love him,—"
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him.

A young attorney of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

A courtly fellow was Dapper Jim,
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
And maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
With Fortunatus to rock it!

Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied,
(I wish the fact could be denied,)
With an eye to the purse of the Old MacBride,
And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies, — as die he must, —
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented;
And tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack, —
To be a Bride without the "Mac,"
With much disdain, consented!

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,

Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
And madly rush upon "Wall-street rocks,"
Without the least apology!
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce Zoölogy!

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of Fortune's undertakers;
And staking his all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade again in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling, —
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night,
As when at fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas! for the haughty Miss MacBride!
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
She could n't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a Place "Up Town," to a nook "Up Stairs,"
From an Avenue down to an Alley!

'Twas little condolence she had, I wot,
From her "troops of friends," who had n't forgot
The airs she used to borrow;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from Sorrow!

They owned it could n't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse,
To expect a reversion, and get a "reverse"
Was truly a dismal feature;

But it was n't strange, — they whispered, — at all;
That the Summer of pride should have its Fall,
Was quite according to Nature!

And some of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one,
With a regular double-loaded gun, —
Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers, as well as kings:
And making light of cereous things,
Was a very wicked profession!

And vulgar people, the saucy churls,
Inquired about "the price of Pearls,"
And mocked at her situation;
"She was n't ruined, — they ventured to hope, —
Because she was poor, she need n't mope, —
Few people were better off for soap,
And that was a consolation!"

And to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover,
Was the very first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true, —
The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride,
The merest ghost of her early pride,
Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich,
Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,

But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth 's a bubble, that comes — and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

INFLECTIONS, Continued.

The two great principles regulating the use of the falling inflection are *force* and *completeness of expression.*

So far as the rising inflection is addressed to the understanding, the circumstance of *incompleteness* or *expectation* is the governing principle determining its use. *Feeling* and *harmony* give significance to all other rules for its application.

A simple affirmative sentence, or member of a sentence, generally closes with the falling inflection; as,

"Language is part of a man's character\." — *Landor.*
"Nature is conquered by obeying her\." — *Bacon.*

A simple negative sentence, or member of a sentence, generally closes with the rising inflection; as,

"Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues/." — *Shakespeare.*

The falling inflection terminates a forcible interrogation, or any form of question, which does not admit of being answered by yes or no; therefore,

Interrogative sentences beginning with a pronoun or adverb, generally close with the falling inflection; as,

"Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty\? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious. . . . Let Truth and Falsehood grapple: whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter\? " — *Milton.*

Forms of speech which excite expectation of farther expression, — whether they occur in the form of question, or of incomplete thought, and suspension of sense, — raise or suspend the voice by the rising inflection; therefore —

Interrogative sentences beginning with a verb generally close with the rising inflection; as,

"Would you make men trustworthy?′ Trust them. Would you make them true?′ Believe them. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness." — *Robertson.*

When the sense of a member is suspended, and depends for completion on the succeeding member, the rising inflection is required; as,

"The worst is not,
So long as we can say,′ This is the worst." — *Shakespeare.*

A parenthetical clause generally closes with the same inflection as that used in the preceding member (usually, the rising); as,

"He (the American scholar) must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights,′ which is a privilege in a monarchy,′ is a duty in a republic." — *G. W. Curtis.*

The parenthetical clause, it should be remembered, is generally read in a lower tone, and with a quicker movement than the rest of the sentence.

Contrasted sentences, or words expressing contrasted ideas, generally close with contrasted inflections; — the more important member (generally the second) requiring the falling inflection; as,

"He who undertakes to note the defects′ of an art, must carry with his censure, a knowledge of its perfections\." — *Rush.*

A concession closes with the rising inflection; as,

"Every man loves his ease′ — loves to please his taste.′ But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago — . . . . If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done." — *Curtis.*

Exceptions to the application of rules for the rising inflection occur in cases of peculiar force or emphasis. In such instances, the falling inflection supersedes the rising; as the former is the invariable indication of energetic expression, and the rule of force displaces every other, in the utterance of thought.

It will be observed that the inflection used at the close of a sentence is usually the same as that placed on the principal emphatic word; the

former being made to correspond to the latter, and when differing from that required by the preceding rules, forming exceptions to them.

Exclamatory phrases or sentences generally close with the falling inflection ; as,

"How much have cost us the evils that have never happened\!" *Jefferson.*

"Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven\!"

When expressing tender emotion, surprise, interrogation, the rising inflection may be used ; as,

"'Tis but the falling of a withered leaf, —
The breaking of a shell, —
The rending of a veil/! " — *Southey.*

Sentences expressing tenderness, weakness, indecision, indifference, surprise, uncertainty, implied contrast, &c., close with the rising inflection.

Sentences expressing positive declaration, determination, command, sternness, reproach, defiance, astonishment, indignation, contempt, &c. — whether interrogatively, negatively, or affirmatively expressed, close with the falling inflection.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Affirmative Sentences.

"All high truth is the union of two contradictories." — *Robertson.*

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt." — *Shakespeare.*

"It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage." — *Henry Clay.*

"Lowliness is the base of every virtue,
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest." — *Bailey.*

"A life of prayer is a life whose litanies are ever fresh acts of self-devoting love." — *Robertson.*

"The beautiful exists only for the sublime essence that seeks it; the infinite exists only for the soul which desires it. If you could

endow the smallest insect with the sense of the beautiful and the infinite, this imperceptible atom would comprehend eternity, and would see God, and this vision would render it immortal."—*L'Aimè Martin.*

"Crime and punishment grows out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it." — *Emerson.*

"Divine justice upon the earth is always the fulfilling of a law: God has arranged all, so that from our actions should arise the penalties or the rewards which they deserve. Good reacts upon good — evil upon evil. The reaction may be more or less speedy, more or less visible; no matter, it exists; it is equal to the action, and if its effects sometimes escape our observation, it is not because the law is inactive, it is simply because the last scene of the drama takes place in the depths of the conscience, between man and his God." — *L'Aimè Martin.*

"Truly we are surrounded with voices. The sacredness and awful responsibilities of speech, — the latent importance of idle words, — consists in their ever-present existence. No sound that goes from the lip into the air can ever die, even in a sensual sense, until the atmosphere which wraps our planet in its huge embrace has passed into nothingness. Words, then, have a being of their own; they exist after death, or rather they continue to exist after all memory of them has departed from the minds into which they originally entered." — *E. P. Whipple.*

"Every man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling within him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to the interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves, not to the changeable every-day man." — *Von Humboldt.*

"Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade." — *Emerson.*

Negative Sentences.

"It is not so far as a man doubts, but so far as he believes, that he can achieve or perfect anything. 'All things are possible *to him that believeth.*'" — *Robertson.*

"A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it." — *Emerson.*

"The mind which does not converse with itself, is an idle wanderer: and all the learning in the world is fruitless and misemployed, whilst in the midst of his boasted knowledge, a man continues in profound ignorance of that, which in point both of duty and advantage, he is most concerned to know."— *T. à Kempis.*

"The danger to individuality, in reading, is not that we repeat an author's opinions or expressions, but that we be magnetized by his spirit to the extent of being drawn into his stronger life, and losing our particular being. Now, no man is benefited by being thus conquered. . . . Indeed, we can never fully realize and reverence a great nature, never grow through a reception of his spirit, unless we keep our individuality distinct from his."— *E. P. Whipple.*

"Truth itself will not profit us so long as she is but held in the hand, and taken upon trust from other men's minds, not wooed and won and wedded by our own."— *Locke.*

"I know
That nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure.
No plot so narrow, be but nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to love and beauty!" — *Coleridge.*

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But that some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary

The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit."

Owen Meredith

Interrogative Sentences beginning with a Pronoun or Adverb.

"What is the abstraction of beauty or excellence worth, if it is not incorporated into your soul, incarnated in your life? It is worth as much as the gold of California was when hid deep in the mine, with the rock binding it, and the river flowing over it, and the forest towering above it, — generation after generation passing by it, all unsuspected and vain. But, let the abstract idea be worked out and extended from its lurking-place through your conduct, and it will be like the ore and sand changed into the currency of the nation, bearing enormous business, and inestimable wealth, and endless comfort on the bosom of its boundless stream." — *C. A. Bartol.*

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: — Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Sir Wm. Jones.

"Why walk in darkness? Our true light yet shineth,
It is not night but day!
All healing and all peace His light enshrineth.
Why shun His loving ray?
Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,
Than day, and joy, and love?
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer

To the great God of love?
Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O, shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!" — *H. Bonar.*

Interrogative Sentences beginning with a Verb.

"Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?" — *Whittier.*

"Be of comfort! Thou art not alone if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere;* their heroic actions also, as a boundless, everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together."—*Carlyle.*

"I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty.
I woke and found that Life was Duty.
Was my dream then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be,
A noon-day light and truth to thee!"

Suspension of Sense.

"In general, every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist."—*Emerson.*

"Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly."—*Ibid.*

"It has been finely said, 'What a glorious gift God bestows upon a nation when he gives them a poet!' It might be added, with a sadder truth, that, when the poet enters upon his mission of gladdening and purifying and spiritualizing the hearts of men, the

world is ready with the insult, the scoff, the ridicule, and all the weapons of a stupid and ignorant enmity. There is a blindness blinder than the mole's; there is a deafness deafer than the adder's: it is the blindness, the deafness of literary bigotry!"—*Henry Reed.*

"It is a maxim to which Lamb often gave utterance that the genial effect of praise or admiration is robbed of its music, and untuned, by founding it upon some blame or harsh disparagement of a kindred object. If blame be right and called for, then utter it boldly; but do not poison the gracious charities of intellectual love and reverence, when settling upon grand objects, by forcing the mind into a remembrance of something that cannot be comprehended within the same genial feelings."—*De Quincey.*

Parenthetical Phrases.

"To my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach, than the observance."

Shakespeare.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for,) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."—*Tennyson.*

"Every want, not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof and a direct instance of the favor of God toward his so much favored human offspring. If man had been so made as to desire nothing, he would have wanted almost everything worth possessing."—*Webster.*

Contrasted Sentences.

"Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done."—*Shakespeare.*

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."—*Tennyson.*

"I have no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose

names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"Art is never Art till it is more than Art: the Finite exists only as the body of the Infinite: the man of genius must first know the Infinite, unless he wishes to become not a poet, but a maker of idols."—*Kingsley.*

"'Who is the greater?' says the German moralist; 'the wise man who lifts himself above the storms of time, and from aloof looks down upon them, and yet takes no part therein,—or he who from the height of quiet and repose throws himself boldly into the battle-tumult of the world? Glorious is it, when the eagle through the beating tempest flies into the bright blue heaven upward; but far more glorious, when, poising in the blue sky over the black storm-abyss, he plunges downward to his aerie on the cliff, where cower his unfledged brood, and tremble.'"—*Longfellow.*

Concessions.

"There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever."—*De Quincey.*

"I cannot think that any man, though he may make himself a marvellously clever disputant, ever could tower upwards into a very great philosopher, unless he should begin or should end with Christianity.

"My faith is, that, though a great man may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel, an intellect of the highest order must build on Christianity. A very clever architect may choose to show his power by building with insufficient materials, but the supreme architect must require the very best; because the perfection of the forms cannot be shown but in the perfection of the matter."—*Ibid.*

"We are wrong always, when we think too much
Of what we think or are; albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We're no less selfish. If we sleep on rocks
Or roses, sleeping past the hour of noon
We're lazy."—*Mrs. Browning.*

Exclamatory Sentences.

"Think that To-day shall never dawn again!"— *Dante.*

"Be sure that God
Ne'er deems to waste the strength He deigns impart!"
Robert Browning.

"All our less
Would grow to more, and this our Earth to Heaven,
Might we but pierce unto the blessedness
That lies so near us, might we but possess
The things that are our own — as they were given!"
Dora Greenwell.

"What's hallowed ground! 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth,
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground!"— *Thomas Campbell.*

"Work is Worship! He that understands this well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future; the last Evangel, which has included all others. Its cathedral, the Dome of Immensity, — hast thou seen it? coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the Star throne of the Eternal. Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart utterance of all the Valiant of the Sons of men. Its choir-music, the ancient Winds and Oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History — supernal ever as of old. Between two great silences:

'Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.'

Between which two great Silences, do not all human Noises, in the naturalest time, most preternaturally march and roll?"— *Carlyle.*

Exclamations in the Form of Interrogative Sentences beginning with a Pronoun or Adverb.

"Why should I be sad, or lorn of hope?
Why ever make man's good distinct from God?
Or, finding they are one, why dare mistrust?"

Robert Browning.

"What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, who rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The poor maiden drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. No! her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

"Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of her who gave up all for her country, thy ear will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*,— never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*,— never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own,— that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; let me use that life, so transitory, for glorious ends." — *De Quincey.*

Exclamations in the Form of Interrogative Sentences beginning with a Verb.

"Is not a day coming — yea, unto them who watch for the Morning, has it not already dawned? — when we shall grow so covetous of good, of grace, as to turn our swords, too often sharpened against each other's bosoms, into ploughshares, to break up the fallow ground that lies within and around us? when we shall beat our spears into pruning-hooks to dress the abundant increase of the days, when the sower shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed?" — *Miss Greenwell.*

"That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. The life of man is the true romance, which when it is valiantly conducted, will yield the imagination a higher joy than

any fiction. All around us, what powers are wrapped up under the coarse mattings of custom, and all wonder prevented. It is so wonderful to our neurologists that a man can see without his eyes, that it does not occur to them, that it is just as wonderful that he can see with them; and that is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise: the latter wonders at what is unusual, the wise man wonders at the usual. Shall not the heart which has received so much, trust the power by which it lives? Shall it not quit other leadings and listen to the Soul that has guided it so gently, and taught it so much, secure that the Future will be worthy of the Past?" — *Emerson.*

Declarations in the Form of Negative Sentences.

"No mere negations, nothing but the full liberation of the truth which lies at the root of error, can eradicate error." — *Robertson.*

"No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience. Every being is excellent, as it is faithful to the law of its existence. It is by this fidelity in the material universe, that atom holds atom in solid worlds and in boundless systems. It is by this fidelity in the moral universe, that soul holds to soul in the unity of families, and the order of nations. Subvert this fidelity, and where would be beauty? Where even would be existence? Physical or moral anarchy must soon reach its own extinction, in the restoration of order, or the annihilation of the world. There would, without obedience, be no kindred to create a home; no law to create a state; there would be no conscience to inspire right; no faith to apprehend religion; humanity, there could be none, nor even the earth to supply it with a dwelling." — *Giles.*

"Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph; not even a deformity but, if our soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us." — *Emerson.*

"Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly: love is love forevermore."

Tennyson.

"There is no loss but change, no death but sin,
No parting, save the slow corrupting pain
Of murdered faith that never lives again."

Miss Muloch

"There is no punishment equal to the punishment of being base. To sink from sin to sin, from infamy to infamy, that is the fearful retribution which is executed in the spiritual world. You are safe, go where you will, from the viper: as safe as if you were the holiest of God's children. The fang is in your own soul." — *Robertson.*

SERIES.

A Series is a list of particulars expressed by simple words, or parts of sentences following each other in regular succession; as,

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess." — *Shakespeare.*

A Simple Series is a list of particulars expressed by single words, following each other in regular succession; as,

"Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence." — *James Martineau.*

A Compound Series is a list of ideas expressed by phrases, or parts of sentences following each other in similar succession; as,

"The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust,—are the true nourishments of our natural being." — *Martineau.*

A Series of Series is a list of series, or, it is the recurrence of ideas expressed by phrases or clauses, which in themselves contain a series; as,

"To eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel

of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade, — this is not life." — *Martineau.*

A Commencing Series is one in which the sense is merely commenced, or left incomplete at every word or clause, — the whole being introductory to a following clause; as,

"The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname." — *Shakespeare.*

A Concluding Series is one which is so formed that each of its members concludes a distinct portion of the sense, — so that the sentence might terminate at any of these members, without leaving the impression of an imperfect idea or an unfinished sentence; as,

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love." — *Tennyson.*

In a commencing series, the last member *generally* closes with the rising inflection, and the others with the falling.

In a concluding series, the next to the last *generally* closing with the rising, and the others with the falling inflection.

The inflections applied to the different members of a series are termed inflections of taste. In forcible enunciation, each member closes with the falling inflection, but in narrative and poetic styles, the rising is frequently employed.

A series, when written in the form of a climax, should be read with gradually increasing force and earnestness until the last member, which being the most important, should receive most stress.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Commencing Series.

"If truth, and faith, and honor, and justice, have fled from every other part of our country, we shall find them here. If not, our sun has gone down in treachery, blood, and crime, in the face of the world; and, instead of being proud of our country, as heretofore, we may well call upon the rocks and mountains to hide our shame from earth and from heaven."

AN APPEAL FOR THE CHEROKEE NATION. — *Wm Wirt.*

"Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices, will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds."

THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS. — *G. S. Hillard.*

'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!" — *Macbeth.*

"To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. — *Goldsmith.*

Concluding Series.

"Now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears." — *Shakespeare.*

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

ULYSSES. — *Tennyson.*

"A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth."

HOME. — *Montgomery.*

"When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower; — when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body." — *Ruskin.*

Series of Series.

"Of Law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; — both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."— *Hooker.*

"Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to its tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar; for without these, the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the river is quickly dry, and the pillar rushes into flatness or ruin, and the action is sinful, or unprofitable, or vain."— *Jeremy Taylor.*

"A crowd of spirits from the realm of the deathless come thronging around us; — from the battle-field, where Liberty went down under the brutal hoofs of Power, its immortal image trampled in the dust, — from the legislative hall, where, amid the collision of adverse intellects, the orator poured his torrents of fire, — from the rack and the stake, where the spirit of man chanted rapturous hymns in its fierce agonies, and met death smiling, — from the cell of the thinker, where mind grappled with the mysterious unknown, piercing, with its thought of light, the dark veil of unrealized knowledge and possible combinations; — from every place where the soul has been really alive, and impatiently tossed aside the material conditions which would stifle or limit its energies, come the Genii of Thought and Action, to rouse us from our sleep of death, to tear aside the thin delusions of our conceit, and to pour into the shrunken veins of our discrowned spirits, the fresh tides of mental life."— *E. P. Whipple.*

CADENCE.

Cadence is the closing tone of a sentence.

When three syllables successively *descend* in their radical pitch, at the close of a sentence, (being a falling tritone,) the phrase may be called the Cadence, or *Triad of the Cadence.*

"The completion of a thought is expressed, not only by the long pause which takes place at the end of a sentence, but usually by a falling of the voice, on the closing words to a lower pitch than that which prevailed in the body of the sentence. This closing descent in the tone is used to prevent the abruptness and irregularity of sound which would be produced by continuing the prevailing pitch to the close of the sentence, — which, from exciting expectation of further expression, would be at variance both with harmony and meaning."

Partial Cadence takes place when a distinct portion of the sense is completed, although the whole sentence is not finished; thus, after "*are,*" in the sentence,

"Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid-look the most profound."

Distinct Cadence should be given when both the sentence and the sentiment are fully completed; as, after "*profound,*" in the preceding example.

"Whoever closely observes the character of speech, in the common dialogue of life, must perceive that the earnest interests which govern it, the sharp replications and interruptions of argument, and the piercing pitch of mirth and anger exclude, in a great measure, the terminating repose of the cadence. This is particularly the case with children and with the ignorant, who rarely employ any other than the wider and more expressive intervals of intonation. When, therefore, attempting to read with the serious purpose of a dignified elocution, the impassioned habit is too inveterate to be at once laid aside; and a disposition to keep up the colloquial characteristic of speech, extending itself to the place of the cadence, defers, for a long time, the ability to give, with propriety and taste, the more composed and the graver intonation of the terminative phrase." — *Rush.*

"The unmeaning and mechanical style of reading, which is too generally exemplified at schools and in professional performances, is chiefly characterized by a continually returning fall of voice at the end of every sentence, — so uniform that it might be used as a guide by which to count the exact number of sentences read. A whole paragraph is read as so many detached and independent sentences, forming distinct and unconnected propositions or maxims. Animated, natural, and appropriate reading, on the contrary, avoids this frequent fall, and keeps up that perpetual variety which the change in sense requires; this effect being produced by modifying the close of every sentence according to its meaning in connection with the rest; each sentence being read as a dependent part of a connected whole, and unity and harmony thus given to a train of thought. This effect the reader attains by disregarding the arbitrary rule for a fall of the voice at every period, and seeking his guidance from the sense of

what he utters, as he does in his habits of common conversation,— making no difference in the two cases save that which arises of necessity from the more regular form of written sentences." — *Russell.*

The note to which the cadence falls, and the space through which it descends, are dependent on the emotion with which the sentiment should be uttered, or on the length and complication of the sentence. In strong emotion, the cadence is often both abrupt and low; thus,

"Let us do, or die."—

"Redeem my pennon — charge again!
Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!" — *Scott.*

In *gentle emotion*, the cadence is gradual and moderate; as

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."
Shakespeare.

In *short* sentences, in which emotion is not so strongly expressed, the fall is slight; as,

"Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth."
Gerald Massey.

In *long* sentences, the fall is more obvious, and commences farther from the close; as,

"Where sorrow 's held intrusive, and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity." — *Henry Taylor.*

The usual errors in cadence are,—

First: — *Delaying the fall of the voice* till the last words of the sentence, and dropping at once from a preceding uniform tone, — a fault arising from the habit of reading with mechanical attention to the words, instead of an intelligent observation of the meaning. It is the tone used by children, while the difficulty of reading still remains, or when reading what they do not understand.

Second: — *Falling very low* on the closing phrase, — a fault usually contracted by reading only grave and formal selections, the solemnity of style in which is unnatural to the tones of youth. The usual standard inadvertently adopted is that which too often is heard from the pulpit; the effect of this is to substitute a heavy and hollow-sounding close, bearing for the true and varied tone of meaning, a measured proportion to the preceding parts of a sentence. This cadence, especially inappropriate in young readers, should be avoided by care in the selection of exercises for practice, and after directing attention to the nature of the sentiment, adapting the

voice to the meaning and not to the daily routine of mechanical utterance.

Third:—Falling too near the beginning of the sentence, a fault arising from the habit of attending to the language rather than to the thought,— from the wrong impression that there must necessarily be a fall at the close of every sentence, and, perhaps, too, from a mistake in taste by which the young reader is led to imagine that there is something pleasing to the ear, in a regular and formal descent of the voice. This tone is unavoidably associated with a pedantic manner; it must be avoided by keeping the voice in the same *strain of expression* which should be observed in conversation.

Fourth:—Using a waving tone of voice, which makes a false emphasis near the close, an error often heard at declamatory exhibitions at schools and colleges. This fault would be avoided by observing the true emphasis of meaning instead of an arbitrary emphasis of sound.

Fifth:—A gradual sliding downward from the beginning of the sentence, and a diminishing of the force of the voice, the speaker commencing every sentence on a comparatively high note, and with a moderate degree of force, but the pitch gradually falling and the loudness gradually diminishing in the progress of the sentence, till the tone has nearly died away at the close. These faults originate in the habits contracted in childhood, from the unnatural attempt to read too loud, or in too large a room, thus making an effort which the powers of the voice were then incapable of sustaining.

"This objectionable tone would, like all others, be removed by the habit of attending to the meaning of what is read or spoken, more than to the phraseology. Written sentences differ from those of conversation chiefly in their inversion; the most forcible and expressive phrases being generally last in order. This arrangement favors strength of style in composition; but it needs a sustained and regularly increased force of voice, to give it just utterance. In good reading, accordingly, the tone strengthens progressively in a sentence,— especially if long or complex: whilst in feeble and unimpressive reading, the voice is gradually dwindling when the language requires increasing energy.

"This sinking cadence arises also from the mechanical habit of attending to sentences as such, and not to their value, or their connection in signification. When two sentences are connected in meaning, the latter, if appropriately read, commences on the low note used at the close of the former. The unity of sound thus produced, gives the sentences a unity to the ear. The rising of the voice to a new pitch, at the opening of a new sentence, indicates by the change of note, a change of meaning, or a transition to a new and different thought. The uniform recurrence of a high pitch at the beginning of every sentence, has thus the effect of destroying the natural connection of thought, and of obscuring or changing the sense. It is a clear conception of the meaning, on which the learner is to depend as the only guide to appropriate cadence." — *Russell.*

The frequent repetition or constant recurrence of any one of the preceding errors produces a *disagreeable uniformity*, which implies all the disadvantages of each single fault, aggravated by perpetual reiteration.

Illustrations of Partial and Distinct Cadence.

"The Spirit of God yet causes men to hope that a world will come, the better one they call it, perhaps they might more wisely call it the real one. *Also I hear them continually speak of going to it*, rather than of its coming to them, which again is strange; for in that prayer which they had strait from the lips of the Life of the world, there is not anything about going to another world, — only something of another world coming into this, or rather not another, but the only government, that government which will constitute a world indeed, new heavens and a new earth. Earth no more without form and void but sown with fruits of righteousness; Firmament no more of passing cloud, but of cloud risen out of the crystal sea; cloud in which, as He was once received up, so He shall again come with power." — *Ruskin.*

"The Ideal is ever near us, underlying the Actual, as the spirit does its body, exhibiting itself step by step, through all the falsehoods and confusions of history and society, giving life to all which is not falsehood and decay.

"It was a true vision which John Bunyan saw, and one which as the visions of wise men are wont to do, meant far more than the seer fancied, when he beheld in his dream that there was indeed a Land of Beulah, and Arcadian Shepherd Paradise, on whose mountain-tops the everlasting sunshine lay; but that the way to it went past the mouth of Hell, and through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." — *Kingsley.*

"Show me the man you honor, I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be." — *Carlyle*

"Know Reverence is the bond for man
With all of best his eyes discern:
Love teaches more than Doctrine can,
And no pure Hope will vainly yearn."

SEXTON'S DAUGHTER. — *Sterling.*

"From our free heritage of will,
The bitter springs of pain and ill
Here and hereafter flow. The perfect day
Of God is shadowless, and love is love alway."

TENT ON THE BEACH.— *Whittier.*

"God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.
For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"— *Faber.*

"Think not the Faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed, a map correct of Heaven,
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given;
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact."

Hartley Coleridge

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for, murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby
To his belief the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."

THE EXCURSION.— *Wordsworth.*

"Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him."

FESTUS.— *Bailey.*

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song."— A FAREWELL.— *Kingsley.*

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,—
Towards a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled — her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."
LAODAMIA.— *Wordsworth.*

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It 's a great spirit and a busy heart,
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling — one great thought — one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end — that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things — God"
FESTUS.— *Bailey*

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, helpless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"
SNOW-BOUND.— *Whittier*

"To me it seems we best remember Him
By prizing, loving all the things He gives

In Him the Giver,—loving them the more
Because He gives them; just as we would wear
A token from some cherished earthly friend
Upon our hearts, as if we could not hold
It there too closely for the giver's sake,
That gave it not for slighting."—MARY.—*Miss Greenwell.*

"Is the bower lost, then? Who sayeth
That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth
Through the solstice and the frost,—
And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and uttermost —

"Till another open for me
In God's Eden-land unknown,
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at His Throne;
And a saint's voice in the palm trees, singing — 'ALL IS LOST
. . . . and *won!*'"

THE LOST BOWER.—*Mrs. Browning*

"So should we live that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power:

"That every thought and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

"Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy."

THE WORTH OF HOURS.—*R. M. Milnes.*

"Cheat her not with the old comfort,
'Soon she will forget,'—
Bitter truth, alas,—but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not 'Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:'
But rather nurse her caged sorrow
Till the captive sings."

FRIEND SORROW.—*Miss Procter*

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;

And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will!" — *Faber.*

"Love that believes, is always sweet
To fearful hearts, which Thou wilt guide,
And mine may win some timid feet,
To the deep River's quiet side.
While from that River's fertile banks,
My resting eye their portion sees —
O, that my soul might yield Thee thanks,
By comforting the least of these."

HYMN. — *Miss Waring*

"I know Thee who hast kept my path, and made
Light for me in the darkness — tempering sorrow,
So that it reached me like a solemn joy."

PARACELSUS. — *Browning.*

"Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong, —
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death."

THE PROSPECT. — *Mrs. Browning.*

"The dial
Receives many shades, and each points to the sun.
The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's sorrows still fluctuate: God's love does not,
And His love is unchanged, when it changes our lot.
Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
And down to those shadows, on each side, that fall
In time's silent circle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
So far, but that light lies beyond them forever?"

LUCILE. — *Owen Meredith.*

FORCE.

The term Force is used to denote loudness of sound; it also includes energy.

The various degrees of force may be thus represented - -

Practise upon a single element of speech, giving alternately the rising and falling inflection. Begin at the faintest sound above the whisper, upon the middle pitch, or a little below, and being careful to make no deviation from the key-note, gradually increase the sound to the most vehement force of calling and shouting, with all the power the voice can yield.

Continue the same exercise upon single words and phrases.

"Vocal gymnastics afford no discipline more useful than that which accompanies the daily practice of the various gradations of force. Exercises of this description enable the public speaker to retain perpetually at command the main element of vivid and impressive utterance; and they furnish to young persons of studious and sedentary habit the means of thorough invigoration for the energetic use of the voice, required in professional exertions.

The effect of vocal training in the department of force is greatly augmented, when the bolder exercises are performed in the open air or in a large hall. A voice trained on this scale of practice, easily accommodates itself to a more limited space; while it is equally true, that a voice habituated to parlor reading only, usually fails in the attempt to practice in a room more spacious. Farther, the fact is familiar to instructors in elocution, that persons commencing practice with a very weak and inadequate voice, attain, in a few weeks, a perfect command of the utmost degrees of force, by performing their exercises out of doors, or in a hall of ample dimensions.

It is a matter of great moment, in practising these exercises, to observe, at first, with the utmost strictness, the rule of commencing with the slightest and advancing to the most energetic forms of utterance. When practice has imparted due vigor and facility, it will be a useful variation of order, to commence with the more powerful exertions of the voice, and descend to the more gentle. It is a valuable attainment, also, to be able to strike at once, and with perfect ease and precision, into any degree of force, from whispering to shouting." — *Russell.*

"The daily repetition of the various stages of utterance, exemplified in exercises on force, will serve to maintain vigor, and pliancy of voice, and to preserve a disciplined strength and facility of utterance. The elementary practice of examples should not be relinquished, till a perfect command is acquired of every degree of loudness. The succession of the exercises should occasionally be varied, by practising them in inverted order; care should be taken to preserve, in the expression of each, that perfect distinctness of articulation, without which, force of utterance becomes useless. Full impressions of the importance of preparatory discipline will be needed to induce the student to carry on this department of practice

with that vigorous and persevering application which it requires. The advantages of the attainment in view, however, are of the utmost consequence to the health and vigor of the corporeal frame, the perfection of the organs of speech, the distinctness of enunciation, the adequate expression of thought, and the appropriate influence of feeling. The customary tones of public speaking are generally assumed through inadvertent imitation, or adopted by misguided taste; these are equally defective and injurious, whether we regard the speaker himself, the sentiments which he utters, or their influence on the minds of others."—*Ibid.*

The terms—*loud* and *soft*, *strong* and *weak*, are used to express the various degrees of force.

Particular care should be taken not to confound these terms with *high* and *low;* the latter being properly applied only to pitch. A mistake of this kind might therefore lead one, when he designs to increase the force of his voice, merely to raise it to a higher pitch, and thus, instead of producing the intended louder and stronger sound, he would merely give one more shrill.

The term *force*, as applied to the utterance of syllables and words, has a meaning distinct from the term *loudness*, and also from that peculiar stress which is denominated *emphasis*. Force is nearly synonymous with *energy*. Energy, in delivery, may be given, not only, like accent, to single words, but it may also be extended to whole sentences and paragraphs.

"In regard to a proper *loudness* of voice, the first object of every person who reads or speaks to others, doubtless should be to make himself easily and distinctly heard by all to whom he addresses himself. To effect this, he must fill with his voice the space occupied by the auditory. The volume and power of voice necessary to fill a given space, depends much on proper pitch as well as force, but far more on a clear and distinct articulation. The variety of loudness, softness, energy or feebleness requisite for good delivery falls within the compass of each key. By observing a distinct articulation, a speaker will always be enabled to give the most volume of sound on that pitch to which he is accustomed in ordinary conversation. But, by setting out on a higher key, he will allow himself less compass, and be likely to strain his voice before closing his discourse; thus by fatiguing himself he will speak with pain, and whenever a person speaks with pain to himself, he is heard with pain by his audience."—*Kirkham.*

From Dr. Rush's instructions we deduce the following:

There is an obvious propriety in the employment of force when distance is pictured in discourse. The indication of nearness, on the contrary, is well expressed by an abatement of this force.

Secrecy muffles the voice against discovery; and doubt, while it leans towards a positive declaration, cunningly prepares the subterfuge of an undertone, that the impression of its possible error may be least exciting and durable.

Certainly, on the other hand, in the full desire to be heard, distinctly assumes all the impressiveness of strength.

Anger declares itself with force, because its charges and denials are made with a wide appeal, and in its own sincerity of conviction. Alike degree of force is employed in expressing hate, ferocity, or revenge.

All sentiments, unbecoming or disgraceful, smother the voice to its softer degrees, in the desire to conceal even the voluntary utterance of them.

Joy is loud in calling for companionship, through the overflowing charity of its satisfaction.

Bodily pain, fear, terror, when not subdued by weakness, are strong in their expression, with the double intention of summoning relief, and of repelling the offending cause when it is a sentient being; the sharpness and vehemence of the full-strained and piercing cry being universally painful or appalling to the animal ear.

Thoughts, sentiments, or conditions expressing humility, modesty, shame, doubt, irresolution, apathy, caution, mystery, repose, fatigue, or prostration from disease, require the piano or moderate voice.

"'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Pope.

"O precious evenings! all too quickly sped!
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy Reader! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy Poet! by no critic vext!
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!"

SONNET ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.—*Longfellow*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Loud Force.

"Blow wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-clearing thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!"—*King Lear.*

"'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.'"

THE BARD.—*Gray.*

"There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!

"It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the Gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"—*Patrick Henry.*

"Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
(*Looking round him.*)
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!"

CATILINE.—*Croly*

Moderate Force.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou had'st a voice, whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did'st thou travel on like's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

SONNET TO MILTON.—*Wordsworth.*

"Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

THE SONNET.—*Ibid.*

"Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.

—He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels, to the perfect shape of man."

THE PALACE OF ART.— *Tennyson.*

"Think of him [Goldsmith] reckless, thriftless, vain if you like —but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph — and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weakness beloved and familiar,—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, to caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."—*Thackeray.*

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doeth set the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."— *Portia.*— MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"The flowers may fade away, the woods may fall,
The sea may waste the land, the land the sea,

And men may feed the worms beneath the pall,
  And time may vanish in Eternity;
Still, ocean-like, the tides of Being lie,
  Filled from exhaustless urns;
  The flame of life still burns,
  And God still sits on high,
And watches Earth below, with his unsleeping eye!"

CARMEN NATURÆ TRIUMPHALE.—*R. H. Stoddard.*

"Each in his own way; each in his own profession; each through that little spot in the universe given to him. For not only is God everywhere, but all of God is in every point. Not his wisdom here, and His goodness there; the whole truth may be read, if we had eyes, and heart, and time enough, in the laws of a daisy's growth. God's Beauty, His Love, His Unity; nay, if you observe how each atom exists, not for itself alone, but for the sake of every other atom in the universe, in that atom or daisy, you may read the law of the Cross itself. The crawling of a beetle before now has taught perseverance, and led to a crown. The little moss, brought close to a traveller's eye in an African desert, who had lain down to die, roused him to faith in that Love which had so curiously arranged the minute fibres of a thing so small, to be seen once, and but once by a human eye, and carried him, like Elijah of old, in the strength of that heavenly repast, a journey of forty days and forty nights to the sources of the Nile; yet who could have suspected divinity in a beetle, or theology in a moss?"—*Robertson.*

"We hold the keys of Heaven in our hands,
  The gift and heirloom of a former state,
  And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
Around our pillars golden ladders rise,
  And up and down the skies,
  With winged sandals shod,
The angels come and go, the Messengers of God!
Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart,—
  It is the childish heart;
  We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them — nevermore!
  Not Heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope of Years!"

CARMEN NATURÆ TRIUMPHALE — *Stoddard.*

"Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not;
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea."

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.—*J. R. Lowell.*

Soft Force.

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."— *Shakespeare*

"How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace:—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still"— *Shelley.*

"All heaven and earth are still, — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and Defence." — *Byron.*

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!" — *Southey.*

"It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more." — *Byron*

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star."
Ibid.

"Now came still evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw." — *Milton.*

"Let us speak low, the Infant is asleep.
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year;
Hush! the Infant is asleep;
Monarch of the Day and Night,
Whisper, yet it is not light,
The Infant is asleep.

"Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow,
His closed eyes shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep;
Softly, softly, let us keep
Our vigils; visions cross his rest,
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep."

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR. — *Frederick Tennyson.*

"'Tis midnight's holy hour, — and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling, — 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, —
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks, — and breathe
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,

A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
Gone from the Earth forever."

THE DIRGE OF THE YEAR. — *G. D. Prentice.*

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around —
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY. — *Milton.*

"Hearken, hearken!
God speaketh in thy soul!
Saying, 'O thou that movest
With feeble paces o'er this earth of mine,
To break beside the fount thy golden bowl
Filled with salt tears from out thy mournful eyne,—
Direct them upward to my heaven, and see
My right hand hold thine immortality
In an eternal grasping! Thou that lovest
The songful birds and grasses underfoot,
And eke what tombs shall hide and change pollute —
I am the end of love! — give love to *me!*
O thou that sinnest, grace doth more abound
Than all thy sin! sit still beneath my rood,
And count the droppings of my victim-blood,
And seek none other sound!'

"Hearken! hearken.
Shall we hear the lapsing river
And our brother's sighing, ever,
And not the voice of God?"

SOUNDS. — *Mrs. Browning.*

"Ascension morn! I hear the bells
Ring from the village far away;
How solemnly that music tells
The mystic story of the day!
Fainter and fainter come the chimes,
As though they melted into air,
Like voices of the ancient times,
Like whispers of ascending prayer!
So sweet and gentle sound they yet
That I, who never bend the knee,
Can listen on and half forget
That heaven's bright door is shut for me.
Yes, universal as the dew,
Which falls alike on field and fen,
Comes the wide summons to the true,
The false, the best and worst of men."

BOTHWELL. — *Aytoun.*

"Hush! is he sleeping?
They say that men have slept upon the cross;
So why not he? . . Thanks, Lord! I hear him breathe.
And he will preach thy word to-morrow! — save
Souls, crowds, for Thee! And they will know his worth
Years hence — poor things, they know not what they do! —
And crown him martyr; and his name will ring
Through all the shores of earth, and all the stars
Whose eyes are sparkling through their tears to see
His triumph — Preacher! Martyr! — Ah — and me?
If they must couple my poor name with his,
Let them tell all the truth — say how I loved him,
And tried to damn him by that love! Oh Lord!
Returning good for evil! and was this
The payment I deserved for such a sin?
To hang here on my cross, and look at him
Until we kneel before Thy throne in heaven!"

ST. MAURA. — *Kingsley.*

"Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her smoothéd limbs and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;

Clasped, like a missal, where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again"

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES. — *Keats.*

"She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. — *Tennyson.*

"Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that might delight a dainty ear.
Such as, at once, might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
To weet what manner music that might be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

"The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet:
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmurs of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the winds did call;
The gentle, warbling wind, low answerèd to all."

THE FAERIE QUEENE. — *Spenser.*

FORCE, Continued.

VARIETIES OF STRESS.

The different kinds or varieties of stress are the **Radical, Vanishing, Median, Compound,** and **Thorough Stress.**

Radical Stress is stress placed on the radical movement, or first part of the sound.

This stress is the sign of *anger*, *positive affirmation*, *command*, and of *energetic sentiments* of all kinds.

Impatience and mirth, being generally uttered in haste, demand radical stress for their appropriate expression.

"There are so few speakers able to give a radical stress with this momentary burst, and therefore so few who may comprehend the mere description of it, that I must draw an illustration from the effort of coughing. A single impulse of coughing, is not in all points exactly like the abrupt voice on syllables; for that single impulse is a forcing out of almost all the breath; which is not the case in syllabic utterance: yet if the tonic element be employed as the vocality of coughing, its abrupt opening will truly represent the function of radical stress, when used in discourse.

"It is this stress which draws the cutting edge of words across the ear, and startles even stupor into attention: this, which lessens the fatigue of listening, and out-voices the murmur and unruly stir of an assembly: and a sensibility to this, through a general instinct of the animal ear, which gives authority to the groom, and makes the horse submissive to his angry accent. Besides the fulness, loudness, and abruptness of the radical stress, when employed for distinct articulation, the tonic sound itself should be a pure vocality. When mixed with aspiration, it loses the brilliancy, that serves to increase the impressive effect of the explosive force." — *Rush.*

Examples.

"Prythe, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none." — *Shakespeare.*

"You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be — usually are — on the whole generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching a passion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on; — nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's passions are just, measured, and continuous." — *Ruskin.*

"The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action." — *Webster.*

"I have heard it said that, when one lifts up his voice against things that are, and wishes for a change, he is raising a clamor against existing institutions, a clamor against our venerable estab-

lishments, a clamor against the law of the land; but this is no clamor against the one or the other, — it is a clamor against the abuse of them all. It is a clamor raised against the grievances that are felt. Mr. Burke, who was no friend to popular excitement, — who was no ready tool of agitation, no hot-headed enemy of existing establishments, no undervaluer of the wisdom of our ancestors, no scoffer against institutions as they are, — has said, and it deserves to be fixed in letters of gold, over the hall of every assembly which calls itself a legislative body, — 'Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumber broken by the fire-bell, than to perish amid the flames, in our bed!'" — *Lord Brougham.*

"Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
Reply of Death to Satan, in PARADISE LOST.

Median Stress is stress laid on the middle of the sound. It expresses *dignity, plaintiveness, wonder, awe, respect, deliberation, solemnity, supplication, and reverential submission.*

"'Radical stress,' with its abrupt explosion, is the irrepressible burst of forcible utterance, in the language of unconscious and involuntary emotion. It is the expression of passion rather than of will. *Median stress*, on the contrary, is more or less a conscious and intentional effect, prompted and sustained and enforced by the will. It is the natural utterance of those emotions which allow the intermingling of reflection and sentiment with expression, and which purposely dwell on sound, as a means of enhancing their effect. The swell of median stress is accordingly, more or less ample and prolonged, as the feeling which it utters is moderate, or deep and full, lofty and awful.

"This mode of stress is one of the most important in its effects on language, whether in the form of speaking or of reading. Destitute of its ennobling and expansive sound, the recitation of poetry sinks into the style of dry prose, the language of devotion loses its sacredness, the tones of oratory lose their power over the heart.

"There is great danger, however, of this natural beauty of vocal expression being converted into a fault by being overdone. The habit recognized under the name of 'mouthing,' has an excessively increased and prolonged median swell for one of its chief characteristics. In this shape, it becomes a great deformity in utterance,—particularly when combined with what is no infrequent concomitant, the faulty mode of voice, known as 'chanting' or singing. Like sweetness among savors, this truly agreeable quality becomes distasteful or disgusting, when in the least degree excessive." — *Russell*

Examples.

"When the veil of the temple, even this poor worn garment of our humanity, is rent from the top to the bottom, we catch glimpses of the inner glory: the rocks are riven, the graves open, they who have long slept in the dust come forth, and reveal to us awful and tender secrets, of which otherwise we should have known nothing. 'They who love,' as says St. Chrysostom, 'if it be but man, not God,' will know what I mean, when I speak of joys springing out of the very heart of anguish, and holding to it by a common and inseparable life; will understand how it comes that the pale flowers which thrust themselves out of the ruins of hope, of endeavor, of affection, — yes, even out of the mournful wreck of intellect itself, — should breathe out a deep and intimate fragrance, such as the broad wealth of air and sunshine never yet gave,—

'For in things
That move past utterance, tears ope all their springs,
Nor are there in the powers that all life bears
More true interpreters of all than tears.'"—*Dora Greenwell.*

"Where Christ brings His cross He brings His presence, and where He is, none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. At the darkest, you have felt a hand through the dark, closer perhaps and tenderer than any touch dreamt of at noon. As He knows His own, so he knows how to comfort them — using sometimes the very grief itself, and straining it to the sweetness of a faith unattainable to those ignorant of any grief." — *Mrs. Browning.*

"Methought from out the crowd a steadfast eye
Did single out mine own! a voice Divine
Was borne within my soul, in tones that made
Such depths of music there, the sense did fade
Through sweetness that it kindled; Lord, for Thine
I knew the voice full well! and yet I heard
Of all Thou spakest then, one only word,
My Name! Thou callest me! I must prepare
For Thee this day! and wilt Thou come and share
My Mid-day meal, while I with heart elate
Shall wait on Thee, or wilt Thou rather wait
On me Thy servant? through this noon-tide glare,
Thy Banner drawing tenderly to spread
An early dusk that I may lay my head
The sooner at Thy supper on Thy breast?

It matters little, Lord! or come or send —
Take Thou my spirit hence, or like a Friend
Make Thou Thy home within it, — I am blest."

THE SUMMONS. — *Dora Greenwell.*

"I died for thee; for thee I am alive,
And my humanity doth mourn for thee,
For thou art mine; and all thy little ones,
They, too, are mine, are mine. Behold, the house
Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons
Of God are singing, and behold, the heart
Is troubled: yet the nations walk in white;
They have forgotten how to weep; and thou
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God."

THE BROTHERS. — *Jean Ingelow.*

Vanishing Stress is stress placed on the vanishing movement, or last part of the sound.

In point of dignity, this stress is far inferior to the median, but it is highly expressive of sentiments represented by the semitone, as *impatient ardor*, *surprise*, *fretfulness*, and sometimes of *excessive grief*.

The obvious preparation of the organs for the vocal effect, in the expression of vanishing stress, implies its comparative dependence on volition. It is also the natural utterance of *determined purpose*, of *earnest resolve*, of *stern rebuke*, of *contempt*, of *astonishment* and *horror*, of *fierce* and *obstinate will*, of *dogged sullenness of temper*, of *stubborn passion*, and all similar moods.

Vanishing stress is exemplified, in its moral effect, in the language of a child stung to a high pitch of impatient or peevish feeling, and uttering, in the tone of the most violent ill temper, "I won't!" or "You sha'n't!" In such circumstances the explosion of passion is deferred, or hangs, for a moment, on the ear, till the vanish or final part of the sound bursts out from the chest, throat, and mouth, with furious vehemence.

"Like all other forms of impassioned utterance which are strongly marked in the usages of natural habit, this property of voice is indispensable to appropriate elocution, whether in speaking or reading. Without 'vanishing stress,' declamation will sometimes lose its manly energy of determined will, and become feeble song to the ear. High-wrought resolution can never be expressed without it. Even the language of protest,

though respectful in form, needs the aid of the right degree of 'vanishing stress,' to intimate its sincerity and its firmness of determination, as well as its depth of conviction.

"But when we extend our views to the demands of lyric and dramatic poetry, in which high-wrought emotion is so abundant an element of effect, the full command of this property of voice, as the natural utterance of extreme passion, becomes indispensable to true, natural and appropriate style." — *Russell.*

Examples.

"I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet:*
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor."

Cleopatra to Messenger.— ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"On such occasions, I will place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to the arm that would push me from it."— *Webster.*

"Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct which are worthy of a gentleman or a man, are to sacrifice estate, health, ease, applause, and even life, at the sacred call of his country."— *Otis.*

"Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish."

Brutus to Cassius.— JULIUS CÆSAR.

Compound Stress is stress on both the radical and vanishing movements.

On prolonged quantity, it is the sign of *energy* or *violence* in the passion represented by it. It is not an agreeable form of stress, there being a snappishness in its character which should always be avoided by a good reader, except on those rare occasions which especially call for the peculiarity of its expression.

"The use of this form of stress belongs appropriately to feelings of peculiar force or acuteness. But on this very account, it sometimes becomes

an indispensable means of natural expression and true effect in reading or speaking. The difference between vivid and dull or flat utterance will often turn upon the exactness with which this expressive function of the voice is exerted."— *Russell.*

"Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone."

Cassius to Brutus.— JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo than bear this child away!"

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTWICK.— *Whittier.*

"Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 't is only
To rush upon your swords."

Icilius, in VIRGINIUS.— *Sheridan Knowles.*

Thorough Stress is stress laid upon the concrete sound throughout its whole course.

"This stress, when applied to long syllabic quantity or to continuous speech, is a sign of *rudeness* and *vulgarity*. By destroying the natural structure of the vanishing concrete, it banishes this refined spirit, and all-pervading grace and delicacy of the human voice."— *Rush.*

"Thorough Stress is one of the most powerful weapons of oratory, but if indiscriminately used, it becomes ineffective, as savoring of the habit and mannerism of the individual, rather than of just or appropriate energy. Under such circumstances, it becomes rant, and when joined, as it sometimes is, to the habit of 'mouthing,' it can excite nothing but disgust."

"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms! —never! never! never!"— *Wm. Pitt.*

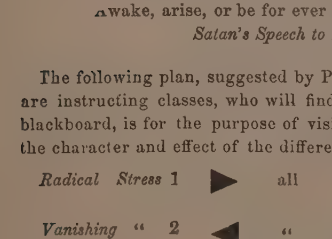
"What in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you,— who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly."— *Edmund*, in KING LEAR.

"Call me their traitor! — Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thine hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods."— CORIOLANUS.

"He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
Is such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n."

Satan's Speech to his Legions.— PARADISE LOST.

The following plan, suggested by Prof. Russell, for teachers who are instructing classes, who will find great aid in the use of the blackboard, is for the purpose of visible illustration, in regard to the character and effect of the different species of stress.



Let ▶ represent the radical stress on the sound of *a* in the word *all*, in the following example of *authoritative command*: "*Attend* ALL!" — ◀ the vanishing stress on the same element of *impatience and*

displeasure: "I said ALL, — not one or two."— the median stress on the same element, in *reverence and adoration.* "Join ALL ye creatures in His praise!"— the compound stress in *astonishment and surprise:* "What ALL! did they ALL fail?"— the thorough stress in defiance: "Come one — come ALL!"— . . . . the tremor of *sorrow:* "Oh! I have lost you ALL!" The practice of the examples and the elements should extend to the utmost excitement of emotion and force of voice.

"Ocular references may seem at first sight to have little value in a subject which relates to the ear. But notes and characters, as used in *music*, serve to show how exactly the ear may be taught through the eye; and even if we admit the comparative indefinite nature of all such relations when transferred to forms of speech, and of reading, the suggestive power of visible forms has a great influence on the faculty of association, and aids clearness and precision of thought, and a corresponding definiteness and exactness in sound."—*Russell.*

SELECTIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEDIAN STRESS.

THANATOPSIS. *William Cullen Bryant.*

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE VISION OF IMMORTALITY. *Ibid*

I who essayed to sing, in earlier days,
The *Thanatopsis* and *The Hymn to Death*,
Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.
Yet once again, oh! man, come forth and view
The haunts of Nature; walk the waving fields,
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,
And she shall teach thee. Thou hast learned before
One lesson — and her Hymn of Death hath fallen
With melancholy sweetness on thine ear;
Yet she shall tell thee with a myriad tongue
That *life* is there — life in uncounted forms —
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,
In every branch that swings — in the green leaves,
And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers
That gladden the beholder. Listen now,
And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept
But to awaken in more glorious forms —
And that the mystery of the seed's decay
Is but the promise of the coming life.
Each towering oak that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight, in eternal strength,
Glorious to tell thee that the acorn died.
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope —
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay!
Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise
The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
The *insect* brood are there! — each painted wing
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death

Where the crushed mould beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay,
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life.
Raise then the Hymn to Immortality!
The broad green prairies and the wilderness,
And the old cities where the dead have slept,
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.
Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves,
Resting together in one fond embrace,
The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
Grown old together in the flight of years.
They of immortal fame and they whose praise
Was never sounded in the ears of men,—
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd,—
All the vast concourse in the halls of death,—
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
To hail the dawn of the immortal day.
Aye, learn the lesson. Though the worm shall be,
Thy brother in the mystery of death,
And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay
Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,
Yet the Immortal is thy heritage!
The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt come,
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth
In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
Whose mortal puts on Immortality!
Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
Of Nature, and her solemn hymn of death
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.
That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
Breaks from the mould with every bursting flower,
'O grave! thy victory!" And thou, oh! man,
Burdened with sorrow at the woes that crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
In the strong hope of the undying life,

And shout the Hymn to Immortality.
The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother, or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise,—
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the Immortal Hills.
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head not lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God, — when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent walls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets and the blest
Gone up from every land to people heaven.
So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!

ODE. *William Wordsworth.*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the Heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young Lambs bound —
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the land is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday; —
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd Boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your Jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel — I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there is a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his Father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art.

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will be fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her Equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the night
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height.
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed,
Perpetual benediction: not indeed,

For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature,
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I loved the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day,
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.

EXTRACT FROM "THE RECONCILER." *Dora Greenwell.*

Our dreams are reconciled,
Since Thou didst come to turn them all to Truth;
The World, the Heart, are dreamers in their youth
Of visions beautiful, and strange and wild:
And Thou, our Life's Interpreter, dost still
At once make clear these visions and fulfil;
Each dim, sweet Orphic rhyme,
Each mythic tale sublime
Of strength to save, of sweetness to subdue,
Each morning dream the few,
Wisdom's first lovers told, if read in Thee comes true
. . . . . .

Thou, O Friend
From heaven, that madest this our heart Thine own,
Dost pierce the broken language of its moan —
Thou dost not scorn our needs, but satisfy!
Each yearning deep and wide,
Each claim is justified;
Our young illusions fail not, though they die
Within the brightness of Thy Rising, kissed
To happy death, like early clouds that lie
About the gates of Dawn, — a golden mist
Paling to blissful white, through rose and amethyst.

The World that puts Thee by,
That opens not to greet Thee with Thy train,
That sendeth after Thee the sullen cry,
"We will not have Thee over us to reign;"
Itself doth testify through searchings vain
Of Thee and of its need, and for the good
It will not, of some base similitude
Takes up a taunting witness, till its mood,
Grown fierce o'er failing hopes, doth rend and tear
Its own illusions grown too thin and bare
To wrap it longer; for within the gate
Where all must pass, a veiled and hooded Fate,
A dark Chimera, coiled and tangled lies,
And he who answers not its question dies,—
Still changing form and speech, but with the same
Vexed riddles, Gordian-twisted, bringing shame
Upon the nations that with eager cry
Hail each new solver of the mystery;
Yet he, of these the best,
Bold guesser, hath but prest
Most nigh to Thee, our noisy plaudits wrong;
True Champion, that hast wrought
Our help of old, and brought
Meat from this eater, sweetness from this strong.

O Bearer of the key
That shuts and opens with a sound so sweet
Its turning in the wards is melody,
All things we move among are incomplete
And vain until we fashion them in Thee!

We labor in the fire,
Thick smoke is round about us, through the din
Of words that darken counsel, clamors dire
Ring from thought's beaten anvil, where within
Two giants toil, that even from their birth
With travail-pangs have torn their mother Earth,
And wearied out her children with their keen
Upbraidings of the other, till between
Thou camest, saying, "Wherefore do ye wrong
Each other? ye are Brethren." Then these twain
Will own their kindred, and in Thee retain
Their claims in peace, because Thy land is wide
As it is goodly! here they pasture free,
This lion and this leopard, side by side,
A little child doth lead them with a song;
Now Ephraim's envy ceaseth, and no more
Doth Judah anger Ephraim chiding sore,
For one did ask a Brother, one a King,
So dost Thou gather them in one, and bring —
Thou, King forevermore, forever Priest,
Thou, Brother of our own from bonds released —
A Law of Liberty,
A Service making free,
A Commonweal where each has all in Thee.

And not alone these wide,
Deep-planted yearnings, seeking with a cry
Their meat from God, in Thee are satisfied;
But all our instincts waking suddenly
Within the soul, like infants from their sleep
That stretch their arms into the dark and weep,
Thy voice can still. The stricken heart bereft
Of all its brood of singing hopes, and left
'Mid leafless boughs, a cold, forsaken nest
With snow-flakes in it, folded in Thy breast
Doth lose its deadly chill; and grief that creeps
Unto Thy side for shelter, finding there
The wound's deep cleft, forgets its moan, and weeps
Calm, quiet tears, and on Thy forehead Care
Hath looked until its thorns, no longer bare,
Put forth pale roses. Pain on Thee doth press
Its quivering cheek, and all the weariness,

The want that keep their silence, till from Thee
They hear the gracious summons, none beside
Hath spoken to the world-worn, "Come to me,"
Tell forth their heavy secrets.

Thou dost hide
These in Thy bosom, and not these alone,
But all our heart's fond treasure that had grown
A burden else: O Saviour, tears were weighed
To Thee in plenteous measure! none hath shown
That Thou did'st smile! yet hast Thou surely made
All joy of ours Thine own;

Thou madest us for Thine;
We seek amiss, we wander to and fro;
Yet are we ever on the track Divine;
The soul confesseth Thee, but sense is slow
To lean on aught but that which it may see;
So hath it crowded up these Courts below
With dark and broken images of Thee;
Lead Thou us forth upon Thy Mount, and show
Thy goodly patterns, whence these things of old
By Thee were fashioned; One though manifold.
Gloss Thou Thy perfect likeness in the soul,
Show us Thy countenance, and we are WHOLE!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF STRESS.

HORATIUS. *Macaulay*

(AT THE BRIDGE.)

. . . . . .

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee"

And out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.

. . . . . .

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;

To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he on the city;
Thrice looked he on the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way

Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free:
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,

Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands,
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd

THE RAVEN. *Edgar A. Poe.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door:
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silker, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EXCELSIOR. *Henry W. Longfellow.*

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In nappy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Alfred Tennyson.

1.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Charge," was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

2.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

3.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre-stroke:
Making an army reel
Shaken and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

4.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode through the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

5.

Honor the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING. *Thomas Campbell*

WIZARD. — LOCHIEL.

Wizard.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Wo, wo, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array ——

Wizard.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,

Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, Rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
When his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

Lochiel.

— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

SCENE FROM "HAMLET." *Shakespeare*

Polonius. He will come strait. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not: — withdraw, I hear him coming.

Polonius hides himself.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what 's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What 's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And, — would it were not so! — you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I 'll send those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

. . . . . .

Ham. Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; and takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. — Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense
Is appoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge:
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will. . . . . .

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord: — a vice of king's:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

(*Enter* GHOST.)

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches: —
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he 's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in fume and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say.

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! — Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music; It is not madness,
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg:
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

THE AMERICAN FLAG. *J. Rodman . . .*

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,

And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us.
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

John G. Whittier.

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE." A. D. 1154–1864.

A strong and mighty Angel,
Calm, terrible and bright,
The cross in blended red and blue
Upon his mantle white!

Two captives by him kneeling,
Each on his broken chain,
Sang praise to God who raiseth
The dead to life again!

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
"Wear this," the Angel said;
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its sign,—
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,
And begged through all the land of France
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle
Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell,
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,
And paid his righteous tax;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with seven score Christian souls
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
Her sails in tatters hung;

And on the wild waves rudderless,
A shattered hulk she swung.

'God save us!" cried the captain,
"For nought can man avail:
O, woe betide the ship that lacks
Her rudder and her sail!

"Behind us are the Moormen;
At sea we sink or strand:
There 's death upon the water,
There 's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:
"God's errands never fail!
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
The blue, the white, the red;
And strait before the wind off-shore
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us!" cried the seamen,
"For vain is mortal skill;
The good ship on a stormy sea
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha:
"My mariners, never fear!
The Lord whose breath has filled her sail
May well our vessel steer!"

So on through storm and darkness
They drove for weary hours;
And lo! the third gray morning shone
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
The ship of mercy knew,—
They knew far off its holy cross,
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
Rang out in glad accord,

To welcome home to Christian soil
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
By bard and painter told;
And lo! the cycle rounds again,
The new is as the old!

With rudder fouly broken,
And sails by traitors torn,
Our country on a midnight sea
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;
Behind, the pirate foe;
The clouds are black above her,
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong,
She drifts in darkness and in storm,
How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!
Ye shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the freedman's prayers
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
Which God hath blest anew,
The mantle that de Matha wore,
The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven,—
The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is on your sail,
Your rudder in His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;

The saints of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before ye unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha!—
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!

Sail on! The morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE. *Thos. Buchanan Read.*

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still these billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape fled away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire —
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops; —
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his red nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

BARBARA FRIETCHIE. *John G. Whittier.*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished Rebel horde,

On that pleasant morning of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the Rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town

THE BATTLE OF IVRY. *Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

"Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops, 'My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume — you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.' His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, 'Save the French!' and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his army."

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land
of France!
And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest:
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the
King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — The Flemish Count is slain:
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van.
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry then, — "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return;
Ho! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls;
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.* *Theodore Tilton.*

SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FIRST CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

I.

Toll! Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's Tower,
At midnight hour,
The great Bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant the thunder-stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet —
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the warning call

* The famous Bell Roland, of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people, because it rang to arm them when Liberty was in danger.

That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold,
And every arm could bend a bow!
So acted men
Like patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

II.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound,
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill!
Then toll, and let thy test
Try each man's breast
Till true and false shall stand confest!

III.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
Not now at midnight hour—
Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
But here—this side the sea!—
Toll here, in broad, bright day!
For not by night awaits
A foe without the gates,
But perjured friends within betray,
And do the deed at noon!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Thy sound is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage-wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun,
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done.
Toll! Roland, toll!

Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall!
Toll! Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and hall
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled;
Amen! so God hath willed!
And may his grace anoint us all!

IV.

Toll! Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour;
And Freedom so is safe in Ghent!
And merrier bells now ring,
And in the land's content
Men shout "God save the King!"
Until the skies are rent!
So let it be!
A kingly King is he
Who keeps his people free!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer They but We
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Nor ever let thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note
Till Freedom's perils he outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
From Northern lake to Southern strand!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Shall clasp again each other's hand,
And shout one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

LAUS DEO! *John G. Whittier*

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Sound the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

PAUSES.

Pauses are the intervals produced between words, clauses sentences, and paragraphs, by those divisions of utterance which correspond to the divisions of meaning.

When a pause is made after any mark of punctuation, it is called a **Grammatical or Sentential Pause.**

A pause required simply by the sentiment is called a **Rhetorical Pause.**

The frequency with which pauses are to be introduced, must be determined by the sentiment. There may be the mark of punctuation, unnoticed in the reading, — as in the example, "Yes, sir!" pronounced like a word of two syllables, accented on the first; — or there may be a long rhetorical pause where no grammatical stop is used, — as, "Leave Marmion here alone . . . to die."

"Vocal pauses are uniformly the result of emphasis, every emphatic word having, as it were, an attractive power, by which it clusters round it more or less of the words preceding or following it. The cessation of the voice, called a pause, is but a natural and necessary consequence of the organic effort used in uttering such a collection of sounds, embracing, as it always does, at least one syllable which demands a great impulse of the organs, and exhausts, in some cases of great energy in language, the supply of breath required for utterance." — *Russell.*

"**A Pause** is often more eloquent than words."

A pause is generally made before or after an emphatic word; as,

"A judicious silence . . . is always better than truth spoken without charity." — *Francis de Sales.*

A slight pause is generally required between the nominative and the verb, particularly when the nominative has an adjunct prefixed, or the verb an adjunct affixed; as,

"A thing of beauty . . . is a joy forever." — *Keats.*

Parenthetical or intervening phrases are separated from the rest of the sentence by pauses; as,

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, . . . sleeping, but never dead, . . .
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own." — *James Russell Lowell.*

A short pause takes place where the parts of a sentence might be transposed; as,

'Where we disavow
Being keeper to our brother, . . . we're his Cain." — *Mrs. Browning*

Relative pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, adverbs, and all other parts of speech used for transition or connection, are preceded by a *short pause;* as,

"Keep thy spirit pure . . .
From worldly taint . . . by the repellent strength . . .
Of virtue." — *Philip James Bailey.*

The conjunction BUT, *when used in descriptive or argumentative passages, generally requires a short pause after it;* as,

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but . . . the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." — *Emerson.*

In passionate passages, no pause is required after the disjunctive; as,

"It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives." — *Hood.*

A short pause takes place at an ellipsis or omission of words; as,

"Remember so to regard the absent who are out of hearing as virtually under the protection of that law of Jewish charity — . . . (*which says,*)
'Thou shalt not curse the deaf.'"

When a maxim or quotation is introduced, it should be preceded by a short pause; as,

"This above all, . . . To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man." — *Shakespeare.*

"There is a well-known saying of Hobbes, the far-reaching significance of which you will more and more appreciate in proportion to the growth of your own intellect: . . . 'Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools.' With the wise man

a word stands for the fact which it represents; to the fool it is itself the fact "—*John Stuart Mill.*

A pause is used at a period, to mark the completion of sense; as,

"In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. . . . "—*Emerson.*

A long pause — several times the usual length of that at a period — is required between paragraphs, particularly when these contain important divisions of a subject or a discourse.

The comparative length of this pause depends upon the character of the subject, as grave and serious, or familiar and light,—and on the length and importance of paragraphs, as principal or subordinate. In general it should not be shorter than twice the length of the pause usually made at a period.

Pauses serve the double purpose of dividing what would tend to confuse the ear by the concurrence of incongruous sounds,—and of grouping together the different divisions of sense which naturally belong to each other, presenting both the sound and the sense more clearly and distinctly to the ear and mind. Pausing thus performs the same office to clauses and sentences that syllabication does to words, serving to divide the sound into relative portions, and aiding to preserve clearness and distinctness between them.

In equable and calm expression, the pauses are moderate; in energetic language, when didactic or argumentative, the pauses are rendered long by the force of emphasis preceding them; in strong and deep emotion, they run to the extremes of brevity and of length, as the tone of passion is abrupt and rapid, or slow and interrupted in utterance. Awe and solemnity are expressed by long cessations of the voice; grief also, when deep and suppressed, requires frequent and long pauses.

The common defect in regard to pauses, is, that they are made too short for clear and distinct expression.

Feeble utterance, hurried articulation, and defective emphasis, generally combine to produce this fault in young readers and speakers; the pauses being in proportion to the accustomed force of utterance, or energy of articulation and emphasis.

"The manner of a good reader or speaker is distinguished by clearness, impressiveness, and dignity, arising from the full con

ception of meaning, and the deliberate and distinct expression of it, while nothing is so indicative of a want of attention and self-command, and nothing so unhappy in its effect, as haste and confusion."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Very Short Pauses.

"One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,—
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! — we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."

LOCHINVAR.—*Scott.*

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

Browning

"Away!—away!—and on we dāsh!
Torrents less rapid and less rash. . . . . .
Away, away, my steed and I
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind:
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light:— . . . . .
From out the forest prance
A trampling troop,—I see them come! . . . .
A thousand horse—and none to ride!—
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,—
A thousand horse,—the wild, the free,—
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on:— . . . . .
They stop,—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,— . . .
They snort,—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly
By instinct, from a human eye."—MAZEPPA—*Byron.*

Short Pauses.

"Genius rushes like a whirlwind—talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses—cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there, and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces."—*Hazlitt.*

"They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of the moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumber'd there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had open'd the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms array'd
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!"

THE CULPRIT FAY.—*J. R. Drake.*

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,

Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied:
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes."

L'ALLEGRO.— *Milton.*

Moderate Pauses.

"A woman's voice can tell a long history of sorrow in a single word. This wonderful instrument, our voice, alters its *timbre* with every note it yields, as the face changes with every look, until at last the dominant emotion is master, and gives quality to tone and character to expression. . . . . .

"Every look, tone, gesture of a man is a symbol of his complete nature. If we apply the microscope severely enough, we can discern the fine organism by which the soul sends itself out in every act of the being. And the more perfectly developed the creature, the more significant, and yet the more mysterious, is every habit, and every motion mightier than habit, of body and soul."— *Theodore Winthrop.*

"An outward blow,— the sudden ruin of a friendship which he [Robertson] had wrought, as he imagined, forever, into his being, — a blow from which he never afterwards wholly recovered,— accelerated the inward crisis, and the result was a period of spiritual agony so awful that it not only shook his health to its centre, but smote his spirit down into so profound a darkness, that of all his early faiths but one remained: 'It must be right to do right.' He had passed up the hill Difficulty with youthful ardor; he had been glad in the beautiful house, and seen the Delectable Mountains from far; he had gone down the hill with enthusiasm and pleasant thoughts; but Apollyon met him in the valley, and broken by the battle, but unsubdued, he walked in tenfold gloom through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the fiends whispering dark doubts in his ears, till he half believed them to be his own,— stumbling and fainting, but ever going onwards,— till at last, emerging victorious, he went up upon the hills to see with clearer vision than before, through the glass of faith, the shining of the Celestial City."— *Stopford A. Brooke.*

"It is the sixteenth century. Beyond the ashes on the hill a red light is gathering; above the falling of the dews a great sun is rising: there is a rushing of light and song upward — let it still be UPWARD! Shakespeare is in the world! And the Genius of English Poetry, she who only of all the earth is worthy (Goethe's spirit may hear us say so, and smile), stooping, with a royal gesture, to kiss the dead lips of the Genius of Greece, stands up her successor in the universe, by virtue of that chrism, and in right of her own crown."—*Mrs. Browning*

"Forever unto thee we run,
And give ourselves away;
Like melting mists that seek the sun,
Like night that seeks the day.
To Nature do we turn, and minister,
Because we were of old, a part of her.
It is a recognition,
A memory, an appealing;
An interchange of vision,
An interchange of feeling;
A twofold love, within the linkéd scope
Of backward-looking Memory, and forward-looking Hope!
The soul of man detects, and sympathizes
With its old shapes of matter, long outworn:
And matter, too, to new sensations born,
Detects the soul of man, with spiritual surprises."

R. H. Stoddard.

"I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."—*Wordsworth.*

"Our life is noble, Thou hast breathed its air;
Death sweet, for Thou hast died. On Thy way home
One night Thou sleep'st within the dreadful grave,
And took away its fear."—*Alexander Smith.*

"To toil, in tasks however mean,
For all we know of right and true,—
In this alone our worth is seen,
'Tis this we were ordained to do.

"So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give,
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,
By thee let others noblier live."—*John Sterling*

"Then let the steeples rock,
And the belfries shake and quiver,
And the great bells clang and shock,
And the small bells trill and shiver!
Let the smoking cannon boom,
And the bending nation pray,
And the mourners' dreadful doom
Lift its shadow for a day!
Let us turn a face joy-clear
Unto heaven, with one accord,
And waft our victors' cheer
Through our heroes to the Lord!
Bless His name, rejoicing men,
For the bloody conflict's close,
For good will restored again,
For the balm that heals our woes;
For the ocean white with sails,
And the rivers dim with steam,
For the humble world that quails
At our flag's triumphant gleam;
For the bounty of His hand
In the teeming fields' increase,
For the quiet in the land —
For Union and Peace!"—*Geo. H Boker.*

"Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves: of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of

nature herself: to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardors even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes! And Latin — the voice of Empire and of war, of law and of the State: inferior to its half parent and rival in the embodying of passion and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendor in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved, indeed, to the uttermost by Cicero, and by *him* found wanting; yet majestic in its bareness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of History, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals: breathing the maxims of the world and not the truths of the schools: one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus."—*Henry Nelson Coleridge.*

"There is a small but ancient fraternity in the world, known as the Order of Gentlemen. . . . I cannot but distinguish some personages of far-off antiquity as worthy members of this fellowship. I believe it coeval with man. But Christ stated the precept of the order when he gave the whole moral law in two clauses, — Love to God, and Love to the neighbour. Whoever has this precept so by heart that it shines through into his life, enters without question into the inner circles of the order.

"But to protect itself against pretenders, this brotherhood, like any other, has its formulas, its pass-words, its shibboleths, even its uniform. These are external symbols. With some, the symbol is greater than the thing signified. The thing signified, the principle, is so beautiful, that the outward sign is enough to glorify any character. The demeanor of a gentleman—being art, the expression of an idea in form — can become property, like any art. It may be an heir-loom in an ancient house, like the portrait of the hero who gave a family name and fame, like the portrait of the maiden

martyr or the faithful wife, who made that name beloved, that fame poetry, to all ages. This precious inheritance, like anything fine and tender, has sometimes been treated with over-care. Guardians have been so solicitous that a neophyte should not lose his inherited rank in the order of gentlemen, that they have forgotten to make a man of him. Culturing the flower, they have not thought to make the stalk sturdy, or even healthy. The demeanor of a gentleman may be possessed by a weakling, or even inherited by one whose heart is not worthy of his manners.

"The formulas of this order are not edited; its pass-words are not syllabled; its uniform was never pictured on a fashion-plate, or so described that a snob could go to his tailor, and say, 'Make me the habit of a gentleman.' But the brothers know each other unerringly wherever they meet; be they of the inner shrine, gentlemen, heart and life; be they of the outer court, gentlemen in feeling and demeanor.

"No disguise delays this recognition. No strangeness of place and circumstances prevents it. The men meet. The magnetism passes between them. All is said without words. Gentlemen know gentlemen by what we name instinct. But observe that this thing, instinct, is character in its finest, keenest, largest, and most concentrated action. It is the spirit's touch." — *Theodore Winthrop.*

Long Pauses.

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst live whate'er these words cannot express.

"The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past. there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind."

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY. — *Shelley*

"Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but One, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so dutious and so loving —
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

"You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Scan and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas —
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre —
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

"You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni like his own eye's apple,
Guarded long the treasure book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world with it, 'Ours — the treasure!'
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

"Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper, 'Beatrice.'
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded

Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering thro' Florence) —
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel, —
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he — 'Certain people of importance'
(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet.
Says the poet — 'Then I stopped my painting.'

"You and I would rather see that angel
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? — than read a fresh Inferno.

"You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those 'people of importance;'
We and Bice bear the loss forever.

"What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?

'This: no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artist's living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry, —
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem, —
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for One only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

ONE WORD MORE. — *Robert Browning*

"Sit still upon your thrones,
O ye poetic ones!
And if, sooth, the world decry you,
Let it pass, unchallenged by you!

"Ye to yourselves suffice,
Without its flatteries.
Self-contentedly approve you
Unto Him who sits above you,—

"In prayers — that upward mount
Like to a fair-sunned fount
Which, in gushing back upon you,
Hath an upper music won you,—

"In faith — that still perceives
No rose can shed her leaves,
Far less, poet fall from mission —
With an unfulfilled fruition,!

"In hope — that apprehends
An end beyond these ends;
And great uses rendered duly
By the meanest song sung truly!

"In thanks — for all the good,
By poets understood —
For the sound of seraphs moving
Down the hidden depths of loving,—

"For sights of things away,
Through fissures of the clay,
Promised things which *shall* be given
And sung over, up in Heaven,—

"For life, so lovely-vain,—
For death which breaks the chain,—
For this sense of present sweetness,—
And this yearning to completeness!"

LAY OF THE EARLY ROSE.— *Mrs. Browning*

Very Long Pauses.

"O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest.
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!"

HIAWATHA.— *Longfellow.*

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them? To die;—to sleep;—
No more:— and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—Ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.—*Shakespeare.*

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds."

CATO'S SOLILOQUY. — *Addison.*

TIME or MOVEMENT.

Time is the rate of utterance.

The term "movement," or "rate," has the same application in elocution as in music; and while "quantity" regards single sounds as *long* or *short*, "movement" regards successive or consecutive sounds as *fast* or *slow*. It unites with quantity in regulating the length of pauses; *slow* movement, as well as *long* quantity, requiring *long* pauses; *brisk* or *rapid* movement, and *brief* quantity, equally demanding *short* pauses.

Very quick or **rapid** movement is that of *haste, alarm, confusion,* and *extreme terror.*

Quick or **brisk** movement is characteristic of *gay, exhilarated* feelings, *fulness of joy*, &c. It gives utterance to all *playful, humorous and mirthful words;* it likewise gives its characteristic effect to *fear.*

Lively movement is used in the expression of emotion which does not exceed *liveliness* or *animation.*

Moderate movement is the usual rate of utterance in unimpassioned language, being applicable to simple *narration* and *description,* and to *didactic thought.*

Slow movement characterizes the utterance of *gloom, melancholy, grief, pathos, sublimity,* and *reverence,* in

their usual form, *deep repose, grandeur, majesty, vastness, power,* and *splendor.*

Very slow movement is exemplified in the expression of the strongest and deepest emotions; as, *horror, awe, profound reverence, solemnity, adoration.*

SELECTIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF VERY QUICK MOVEMENT.

QUEEN MAB.

From *"Romeo and Juliet."* — *Shakespeare.*

. . . . . She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs:
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW. *Southey.*

The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue
Morbleu! Parbleu
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,

And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London.
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned:
It was, through thick and thin, to its party true
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parlez vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;

Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off;
Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovelled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boraskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off,
And, last of all, an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather parlez vous than fight;
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez vous no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight,
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away,— I tell you true,—
Upon the road from Moscow.
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he;
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscow;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckoned too long without him;
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

QUICK MOVEMENT.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE. *Robert Southey*

"How does the Water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy ask'd me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,

There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the Water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That I should so sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,

It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The Cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,

And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And diving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and seaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

William Cowper.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to ner dear —
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied — "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin — "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought;
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in —
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,

The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming, came down stairs
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,

Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—

"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house,"—
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;

For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all!"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke: —

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear —
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit —

"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs about your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case"

Said John — "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware"

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here —
You shall come back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far way,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain, —

Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

LIVELY MOVEMENT.

IRVING.

From "*The Fable for Critics.*"—*Lowell.*

What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,

And the gravest sweet humor, that ever was there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair ;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching, —
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes ;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel, —
To a true-poet heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you 'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee, — just Irving.

BONNY KILMENY.

From "The Queen's Wake." — James Hogg.

. . . . . .

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day ;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade ;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wanders by.
And she heard a song — she heard it sung,
She kend not where ; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn —
"Oh ! blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun —

Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have dyed away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing Nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirit's care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when Time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
And O! her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,

That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
Oh! then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain,
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!
When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kend na whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

THE CLOUD. *Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

MODERATE MOVEMENT.

PALM SUNDAY. *John Keble.*

(ADDRESS TO POETS.)

Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old —

Sovereign masters of our hearts!
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosaunas here below; —
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and wo.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease —
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be Thy praise so duly sung,
That Thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here;

We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal,
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthralling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)
Then, Thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing;

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of Thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore;
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy
If it flow from childlike hearts.

WORK. *Mrs. Browning.*

What are we set on earth for? say, to toil —
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil.
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

SONNET. *Frances Anne Kemble.*

Blaspheme not thou thy sacred life, nor turn
O'er joys that God hath for a season lent
Perchance to try thy spirit, and its bent,

Effeminate soul and base, weakly to mourn.
There lies no desert in the land of life,
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings, rife.
Haply no more, music and mirth and love,
And glorious things of old and younger art,
Shall of thy days make one perpetual feast:
But when these bright companions all depart,
Lay there thy head upon the ample breast
Of Hope,—and thou shalt hear the angels sing above.

EXTRACT FROM "DEJECTION: AN ODE."

S. T. Coleridge.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth —
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful, and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud, —
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud —
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

SLOW MOVEMENT.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS. *Milton.*

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide,
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning, chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
  I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
  Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait."

LIFE TAPESTRY. *Dora Greenwell.*

Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye
  Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused
  Above each stitch awry and thread confused;
Now will I think on what in years gone by
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
At royal looms, and how they constant use
To work on the rough side, and still peruse
The pictured pattern set above them high;
So will I set MY COPY high above,
  And gaze and gaze till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love,
  Transposed upon my canvass, faintly glows;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, provide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side.

LOVE AND DEATH. *Tennyson.*

What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,

And talking to himself, first met his sight:
"You must begone," said Death; "these walks are mine."
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, "This hour is thine;
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign forever over all."

TEARS. *Mrs. Browning.*

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing: at her marriage-bell,
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
Whoever weep; albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

EXTRACT FROM "THE TWO VOICES." *Tennyson.*

Here sits he shaping wings to fly;
His heart forebodes a mystery:
He names the name Eternity.

That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature he can nowhere find,
He sows himself on every wind.

He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
And through thick veils to apprehend
A labor working to an end.

The end and the beginning vex
His reason: many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counter-checks.

He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.

Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt.

. . . . .
. . . . . .

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seemed the whisper at my side:
"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried,
"A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wondered at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers:
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wondered, while I paced along:
The woods were filled so full with song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seemed all things wrought,
I marvelled how the mind was brought
To anchor, by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

FAITH. From "*In Memoriam*."— *Ibid.*

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I seem beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.

HYMN OF TRUST. *O. W. Holmes.*

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee, we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, *forever* dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

EXTRACT FROM "ABT VOGLER." *Robert Browning.*

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee, who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped, or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? How we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rush the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

Strive; yet I do not promise,
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you,
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

VERY SLOW MOVEMENT.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

T. B. Read

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the trees are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dim waters wid'ning in the vales,

Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
  On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
  The hills seemed farther, and the stream sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hew'd
  His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

Th' embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
  Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad beaten hosts of old,
  Withdrawn afar in times remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture tried his flight,
  The dove scarce heard his singing mate's complaint,
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
  The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew;
  Crew trice, and all was stiller than before —
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
  His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest,
  Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung his swinging nest
  By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
  The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
  An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
  Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east:
  All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
  And croaked the crow, through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
  Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
  The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by — passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this — in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch —

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war, bowed to her his sable plume;
Re-gave the swords to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords — but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who to his sire and country true
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon,
Long but not loud the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bow'd.
Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. *Gray*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbâd to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscience truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would be stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.

Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

. . . . . .

In Gray's first M.S. of the "Elegy," after the eighteenth stanza, ending with the word "flame," were the four following stanzas:

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

Here the poem was originally intended to conclude.
After the twenty-fifth stanza, ending with the word "lawn," was the following stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

And in some of the first editions, immediately before "The Epitaph," was the following stanza:

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

14 THE CRY OF THE HUMAN. *Mrs. Browning*

"There is no God," the foolish saith, —
But none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be prais'd."
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming —
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human —
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind
We spirits tremble under! —
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains —
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest . . honor, —
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit, —
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay, — and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the town, —
And never a bell is tolling;

And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the death-cart's rolling!
The young child calletn for the cup —
The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strikes far and near, —
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers —
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces —
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses!
The rich preach "rights" and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing:
The poor die mute — with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast —
To private mirth betake us —
We stare down in the winecup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round —
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs! do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes, —
"And how long will you love us?"
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless —

"Till death us part!"—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces:
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places?
We cannot speak:—we see anew
The hills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God!

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee—
Its spirit, bright before Thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
Without the rest or glory!
Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
With endless generations.
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors;
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
  Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes, through the farthest mist,
  The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
  When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass,
  We look upon the longest.
    Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull —
  Men whisper, "He is dying:"
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!" —
  We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
  Look up and triumph rather —
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
  The Son adjures the Father —
    Be pitiful, O God!

STANZAS.

William Knox.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed;
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of Rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn:

The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away with the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been:
We see the same sights our fathers have seen:
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling:
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of the eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death:

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

HYMN. *C. S. M*

"We, which do believe, have entered into rest!"

Aye, now! though round our souls are wildly rolling
The waves of care and trouble, mountain high;
Though funeral bells o'er our dead hopes are tolling—
And clouds and darkness mark our earthly sky;

The soul hath many an "upper room" of sadness
Where, "in the midst" appears her risen Lord,
Whose presence turns the bitterest grief to gladness,
By one low-spoken, yet Almighty word—

"Peace!" All unheeded is the tempest sweeping
Around the spirit—for within the doors
The Master stands to give us joy for weeping,
And shed upon our hearts love's choicest stores.

"We enter into rest." The "Sabbath keeping"
May be begun in hearts afar from home,
E'en though our eyes may be well used to weeping,
Though in the wilderness our feet may roam.

Unseen by human eyes, the light is beaming,
Its pure and quiet radiance on our way,
From out the opened heavens upon us streaming,
And turning for us darkness into day.

"We have believed"—we trust the word unfailing,
And here and now, "do enter into rest;"
"We have believed"—no foe our peace assailing,
Can break the soul's repose on Jesus' breast.

READING OF POETRY.

Poetry,—"the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."
Wordsworth.

" —"intellect colored by the feelings."—*Prof. Wilson.*

" —"the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion."
Wordsworth.

" "Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."—*Milton.*

" "The suggestion, by means of the imagination, of noble grounds for noble emotions."—*Ruskin.*

Poetry,—"the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its convictions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity."—*Leigh Hunt.*

Poetry,—"the eldest voice of time, the undying melody of the heart; poetry—the language of the spirit, the inward sense of history, of eloquence, of fiction, and of philosophy, united to the harmony of sound."—*H. Giles.*

A poetical line or **verse** consists of a certain number of accented and unaccented syllables, arranged according to fixed rules. It was originally called *verse*, (from the Latin *verto*, to turn,) because when we have finished one line, we turn back to commence the other; as,

"To suffer well is well to serve."—*Whittier.*

Versification is the harmonious arrangement of a certain number and variety of accented and unaccented syllables, according to particular laws.

Poetical feet are divisions of a line of poetry, each consisting of two or three syllables, regularly accented.

They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice steps through the verse in a measured pace.

The feet of two syllables are the

Iambus (⏑–), accented on the *second* syllable; as, cŏn-tēnt
Trochee (–⏑), accented on the *first* syllable; as, pārt-ĭng.
Spondee (– –), with *both* syllables *long;* as, Ā-mēn.

Pyrrhic (⏑⏑), with *both* syllables *short;* as pĭ-lў —in hap-pily.

The feet of three syllables are the

Anapæst (⏑⏑–), accented on the *third* syllable; as, nŏn-cŏn-cūr.

Dactyl (–⏑⏑), accented on the *first* syllable; as, lōve-lĭ-nĕss.

Amphibrach (⏑–⏑), accented on the *second* syllable; as, rĕ-lūct-ănt.

Tribrach (⏑⏑⏑), with *all short;* as, | *ĭt-ă-blĕ* | in illimitable.

Amphimacer (–⏑–), with the *first* and *third* long; as, | wīndĭng shēet. |

Bacchus (⏑––), with the *second* and *third* long; as, | thĕ dūll skў. |

Antibacchus (––⏑), with the *first* and *second* long: as, | dēer-stēalĭng. |

Molossus (–––), *all long;* as, | Stĭtch! stĭtch! stĭtch! |

"Trōchĕe | trĭps frŏm | lōng tŏ | short;
From long to long in solemn sort.
Slōw Spōn | dēe stālks; | strōng fōot! | yet ill able
Ēvĕr tŏ | cōme ŭp wĭth | Dāctўl trĭ | sўllāblĕ. |
Ĭām | bĭes mārch | frŏm shōrt | tŏ lōng |
Wĭth ă lēap | ānd ă bōund | thĕ swĭft Ān | ăpæsts thrōng, |
Ŏne sўllă | blĕ lōng, wĭth | ŏne shōrt ăt | each side
Ămphĭbrăch | ўs hāstes wĭth | ă stātelў | stride.
Fīrst ānd lāst | bēĭng lōng | mĭddlĕ shōrt | ămphĭmā | cer,
Strīkes hĭs thūn | dĕrĭng hōofs | lĭke ă prōud | hĭgh-brĕd Rā | cer."

METRICAL FEET.— *Coleridge.*

Rhyme is the correspondence in sound of the last accented syllable of one line of poetry, with that of the last accented syllable of another; as,

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest."

Tennyson.

A **Stanza** is a combination of several verses varying in number according to the poet's fancy, and constituting a regular division of a poem or song; as,

"Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and one with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light."— *Whittier.*

Blank Verse is the expression of poetical thoughts in regular numbers, but without rhyme, each verse being composed of five iambic feet; thus,

"Ĭf thōu | bĕ ōne | whŏse hēart | thĕ hō | lў fōrms |
Ŏf yōung | ĭmāg | ĭnā | tiŏn hāve | kĕpt pūre, |
—Henceforth be warned; and know that Pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him,
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works,—one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. Oh! be wiser thou;
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart."—*Wordsworth.*

Scanning is the dividing of verse into feet, in order to ascertain whether the number and arrangement of the syllables are according to the laws of versification. A line in which a syllable is wanting is said to be *catalectic;* one which is complete, *acatalectic;* one in which there is a redundant syllable, *hypercatalectic,* or *hypermeter.*

The **Iambus, Trochee, Anapæst,** and **Dactyl** are the principal feet. Only of these may a poem be wholly or in great part formed. According as each may prevail in a poem, the verse is called *Iambic, Trochaic, Anapæstic,* or *Dactylic.*

A line that consists wholly of but one kind of foot is called *pure;* as,

"Thĕy ăl | sŏ sērve | whŏ ōn | lў stănd | ănd wāit | ."—*Milton.*

Verses not consisting exclusively of one kind of foot are called *mixed;* as,

"Dōubt | thăt Thў pōw | ĕr căn fĭll | thĕ hēart | thăt Thў pōw | ĕr ĕxpānds? | "—*Robert Browning.*

A line consisting of *one* foot is called **Monometer**; as

| "Wōrk! wōrk! wōrk! | "—*Hood.*

Of *two* feet, **Dimeter**; as,

"Slăckĕn | nŏt săil yĕt |
At inlet | or island; |
Straight for the | beacon steer, |
Straight for the | high land. | "—*Mrs. Southey*

Of *three* feet, **Trimeter**; as,

"Bēar thrŏugh | sōrrŏw | wrōng ănd | rūth
In thy | heart the | dew of | youth,
On thy | lips the | smile of | truth."—*Longfellow.*

Of *four* feet, **Tetrameter**; as,

"Sŭblīme | sĭgnīf | ĭcānce | ŏf mōuth, |
Dilat | ed nos | tril full | of youth, |
And fore | head roy | al with | the truth. | "
Mrs. Brown'ng.

Of *five* feet, **Pentameter**; as,

"Night rēads | in sī | lĕnce hēr | ĕtĕr | năl psālm, |
The gos | pel of | the dark | ness, penned | in light, |
The starred | evan | gel of | infin | ity! | "—*Stoddard.*

Of *six* feet, **Hexameter**; as,

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song
Thăt līke | ă wōund | ĕd snāil | drāgs īts | slōw lĕngth | ălōng. | "
Pope.

This measure is sometimes written in two lines, the first containing four the second, two feet; thus,

"Thĕn ŏf whāt | ĭs tō bē | ănd ŏf whāt | Is dōne |
Whў qūer | ĭest thōu? |
The past | and the time | to be | are one |
And both | are now! | "—*Whittier.*

Of *seven* feet, **Heptameter**; as,

"Ōnwărd | ĭn thĕ | pāth ŏf | dūtў, | mīndfŭl | ōnlў | ŏf thĕ rīght. | "

This form is usually written in two lines, the first containing four feet, the second, three; thus,

"I've hēard | ŏf hēarts | ŭnkĭnd ; | kĭnd dēeds |
With cōld | nĕss stĭll | rĕtŭrnĭng: |
Alas! | the grat | itude | of man |
Has oft | ener left | me mourning. | "—*Wordsworth.*

"Hĕ prāy | ĕth bĕst, | whŏ lōv | ĕth bĕst |
Āll thĭngs | bŏth grēat | ănd smāll; |
For the | dear God | who lov | eth us, |
He made | and lov | eth all. | "—*Coleridge.*

"Sŏ Nā | tŭre kēeps | thĕ rēv | erĕnt frāme |
With which | her years | began, |
And all | her signs | and voic | es shame |
The prayer | less heart | of man. | "—*Whittier.*

Of *eight* feet, Octameter; as,

"Pēace ăt | lāst! Ŏf | pēace ĕ | tērnăl | ĭs hĕr | cālm, swēet | smīle ă | tōkĕn."—*Miss Procter.*

This measure is generally divided into two lines; thus,

"Nŏ păth | wĕ shūn, | nŏ dārk | nĕss drēad, |
Our hearts | still whis | pering, Thou | art near! | "—*Holmes.*

"Oŭr mĭd | nĭght ĭs | Thў smīle | wĭthdrāwn; |
Our noon | tide is | Thy gra | cious dawn; |
Our rain | bow arch | Thy mer | cy's sign; |
All, save | the clouds | of sin, | are Thine! | "—*Ibid.*

POETICAL OR HARMONIC PAUSES.

Besides the *Sentential* and *Rhetorical* Pauses, before noticed, we have also the Poetical or Harmonic, which are those used to show the harmony of versification.

They are divided into three classes; viz.:

The Final Pause, a short pause often used at the end of a line of poetry to mark the rhyme; as,

"Diverse | as their varied labours | the rewards | to each that fall, . . .

But love | what she loves in others, || evermore | her own doth call; . . .
Thus | the several joy of each || becomes the common | joy of all." . . . | —*Cardinal Damiani.*

The Cæsural Pause is one used to divide a line of poetry into equal or unequal parts; as,

after *labors*, *others*, and *each*, in the preceding example.

The Demi-Cæsural Pause is a short pause which sometimes divides the parts of the line already divided by the Cæsura; as,

after *diverse*, *rewards*, *love*, *evermore*, *thus*, and *common*.

It will be observed that the places for the occurrence of the *Cæsural* and *Demi-Cæsural*, always depend upon the *Sentential* and *Rhetorical* pauses; thus, believing that the sense of the passage demands that the Rhetorical pause should be used after *curfew*, in the line

"The curfew . . . tolls the knell of parting day,"

the Cæsural also occurs there; but if, from a misunderstanding of the true meaning, we should imagine that *knell* was placed in apposition with *curfew*, we should have both the rhetorical and cæsural pause occurring after *tolls;* as,

"The curfew tolls . . . the knell of parting day."

When no pause is required either by the punctuation or the sentiment, the harmonic pause should not be observed.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dimeter.

"Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee;
Let loose the rudder bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home."

MARINER'S HYMN.—*Mrs Southey.*

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

. . . . .

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us,
Christ is eternal!"

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.—*Longfellow*

Dimeter and Trimeter.

"Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?"

LUTHER'S HYMN *Whittier.*

Trimeter.

"Yet seeking, ever seeking
Like the children, I have won
A guerdon all undreamt of
When first my guest begun,
And my thoughts come back like wanderers.
Out-wearied, to my breast;
What they sought for long they found not.
Yet was the unsought best.
For I sought not out for crosses,
I did not seek for pain;

Yet I find the heart's sore losses
Were the spirit's surest gain."

SEEKING.—*Miss Greenwell.*

"He gives what He gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given, — be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent
In his temple, indignant He went
And scourged away all those impure.

"He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, — amend,
And finish it up to your dream."

ONLY A CURL. — *Mrs. Browning.*

Trimeter, Dimeter, and Tetrameter.

"'Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;'—
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in His kindness answereth not.

"'Two hands to work addrest,
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears;'
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!"

NOW AND AFTERWARDS. — *Miss Muloch.*

Tetrameter.

"Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

IL PENSEROSO.—*Milton.*

"Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it; . . . .
Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam."

HIAWATHA.—*Longfellow.*

"And poor, proud Byron,—sad as grave
And salt as life! forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

"And visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, with cadence up the Blue."

VISION OF POETS.—*Mrs. Browning.*

Tetrameter and Dimeter.

"Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame! to stand in His creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency!
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling—
When Pan is dead.

"O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth, the fairest Beauty!
Pan, Pan is dead."

THE DEAD PAN.—*Ibid.*

"Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile."

YOUTH AND AGE.—*Coleridge.*

Tetrameter and Trimeter.

"Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

"The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!"—LOVE.—*Ibid.*

"A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air."

SIR GALAHAD. — *Tennyson.*

Pentameter.

"All my life grows sweet,
I know not how to name it; from behind
Comes up a murmur voluble and fleet
Of mingling voices, — some were harsh, some kind,
But all are turned to gentleness, the wind
That bears them onwards hath so soft a wing,
As if it were a Dove unused to bring
Aught but a loving message; so Earth sends
One only question on it from the track
Where I have passed, 'Friends, friends? we part as friends?'
And all my soul takes up and sendeth back
One word for echo and for answer, 'Friends.'"

PAX IN NOVISSIMO. — *Miss Greenwell.*

"Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er, — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes."

PLEASURES OF HOPE. — *Campbell.*

"I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,

And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.—*Thomson.*

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.—*Longfellow.*

Hexameter.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

EVANGELINE.—*Longfellow.*

"When the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.
. . . . . .
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"—*Ibid.*

"Take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety. she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens."

CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER. — *Bishop Tegnér.*

Dimeter, Trimeter, Tetrameter, Pentameter, and Hexameter.

"Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies."

COMUS. — *Milton.*

Heptameter.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

LOCKSLEY HALL. — *Tennyson.*

"Sit not like a mourner, Brother! by the grave of that dear Past,
Throw the Present! 'tis thy servant only when 'tis overcast, —
Give battle to the leaguéd world, if thou 'rt worthy, truly brave,
Thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave,
As when thunder wraps the setting sun, he struggles, glows with ire,
Rifts the gloom with golden furrows, with a hundred bursts of fire,
Melts the black and thunderous masses to a sphere of rosy light,
Then on edge of glowing heaven smiles in triumph on the night."

LIFE DRAMA. — *Alexander Smith.*

Octameter.

"Fear not! hopes no strength could warrant to the feeblest faith
are given;
Looking forward strains the eyesight, — looking upward opens
heaven." ON A BAPTISM. — *Mrs. Charles.*

As before stated, this measure is usually divided, each verse making two of *tetrameter.*

The chief faults which usually occur in the reading of poetry have been thus classified by Prof. Russell:

Too rapid utterance, by which the effect of the verse is lost to the ear; this general hurry of the voice abridges the pauses, and sacrifices every characteristic beauty of the metre: —

A plain and dry articulation, which, though sufficiently distinct for meaning, withholds the appropriate tone of poetry, neglecting to accommodate the voice to emotion and rhythm.

A mouthing and chanting tone, producing the effect of bombast and of mock solemnity. This error consists in carrying prolongation and swell to excess, and causing the style of reading or recitation to be that of extravagance and caricature, rather than of solemn emotion.

A want of true time, appearing in the disproportion of syllables to each other, and to their places, as component parts of metrical feet, — in the irregular and varying succession of the different parts of a line, as compared with each other, — in the want of correctness and symmetry in the pauses, whether as compared with each other, or the average rate of utterance.

A mechanical observance of the harmonic pauses, without regard to meaning.

Literal and uniform reading according to the rhythm, without regard to emphasis.

Let it be remembered then, that poetry should be read *more slowly than prose*, — with a *moderate prolongation* of vowel and liquid sounds, — with *a slight degree of musical utterance*, — in *exact time*, as prescribed by the emotion expressed in given passages, and by the nature of the verse. *The utterance should indicate the metre, but should never render it prominent.*

SELECTIONS,

DESIGNED FOR SINGLE RECITATIONS — NOT FOR READING IN CLASSES.

EVELYN HOPE. *Robert Browning*

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough, and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares, —
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew, —
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, — at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say

In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me —
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold —
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep —
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ANNABEL LEE. *Edgar A. Poe.*

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-time, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

MOTHER AND POET. *Mrs. Browning.*

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said:
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
— The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat,
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat:
To dream and to doat.

To teach them . . It stings there! *I* made them indeed
Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed. . O my beautiful eyes! . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, — of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin! "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to faint, —

One loved me for two — would be with me ere long:
And *Viva l'Italia!* — *he* died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nannie would add, "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls, — was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: — *Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother, — not "mine,"
No voice says "*My* mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy Mother! Consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy 's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta 's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my Dead) —

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's THERE, with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this — and we sit on forlorn
When the Man-Child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*

[This was LAURA SAVIO, of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta.]

LOVED ONCE. *Ibid.*

I classed, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds; the welladay,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller; —
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
Than these words — "I loved ONCE."

And who saith, "I loved ONCE?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,
Love through eternity!
Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called LOVE, his noble crown-name, — casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved ONCE."

Nor ever the "Loved ONCE,"
Dost THOU say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend!
The cross and curse may rend;
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!

It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move
One spherèd star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words, "We loved them ONCE?"

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
Lay calm of *me*, sweet friends, when out of sight?
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light?
And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me, decayed?
Such words—Ye loved me ONCE!

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
Say cold of me, when further put away
In earth's sepulchral clay?
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—
Not so! not then—*least* then! when Life is shriven
And death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven,
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved ONCE!
God is too near above, the grave below,
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls, for saying so:
The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved ONCE!

And yet that word of ONCE
Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,
Shaking a discrowned head,

"We ruled once,"—idiot tongues, "We once bested."—
Cripples once danced i' the vines—and bards approved
Were once by scornings, moved!
But love strikes one hour—LOVE. Those *never* loved,
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

STANZAS.

From "*In Memoriam.*"—*Tennyson.*

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt, vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet, oh ye ministers of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new,
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old baseness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

DIES IRÆ. *Thomas de Celano.*

[*Translated by General Dix.*]

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, *a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!* — ZEPHANIAH i. 15, 16.

Day of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me:
By Thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, O save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!

EXTRACT FROM "DE PROFUNDIS."

Mrs. Browning.

He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all,—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.

He reigns below, He reigns alone,
And, having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the Jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O súpreme Love, chief Misery,
The sharp regalia are for THEE
Whose days eternally go on!

For us,— whatever 's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever 's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

And having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling — so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

PROSPICE. *Robert Browning*

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past,
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ADAM TO EVE.

From "*The Drama of Exile.* —*Mrs. Browning.*

Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with level eyelids the To come,
And all the dark o' the world. Rise, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill,—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee,
And by sin, death,—the ransom-righteousness,
The heavenly life and compensative rest
Shall come by means of thee. If wo by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the wo thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead

Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood —
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for each new human life:
Some weariness in guarding such a life —
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason: feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;
And pressures of an alien tyranny,
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad:
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown
I set upon thy head, — Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love — to keep thee clear
Of all reproach against the sin foregone,
From all the generations which succeed.
Thy hand which plucked the apple, I clasp close;
The lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close, —
I bless thee in the name of Paradise,
And by the memory of Edenic joys
Forfeit and lost; — by that last cypress tree
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we came out;
And by the blessed nightingale, which threw
Its melancholy music after us; —
And by the flowers, whose spirits full of smells
Did follow softly, plucking us behind
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bowers
And fourfold river-courses: — by all these,
I bless thee to the contraries of these;
I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,
To the elemental change and turbulence,
And to the roar of the estranged beasts,
And to the solemn dignities of grief, —
To each one of these ends, — and to their END
Of Death and the hereafter

THY WILL BE DONE. *John G. Whittier*

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night, — with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

ACTION.

Action is the expression of thought by means of different movements of the body.

"No one can recite with propriety what he does not feel; the key to gesture, as well as to modulation, is earnestness. No one can portray character unless he can realize it, and he can realize it only by making it for the time his own.

"In the natural order of passionate expression, looks are first, gestures second, and words last. Inexpressive motions should always be avoided. No gesture should be made without a reason for it; and when any gesture has been assumed, there should be no change from it without a reason. The habit of allowing the hands to fall to the side immediately after every gesture, produces an ungracefully restless effect. The speaker seems

> 'Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
> Of moving gracefully, or standing still —
> Blessed with all other requisites to please,
> He wants the striking elegance of ease.'

"Some orators accompany every vocal accent with a bodily motion; but the consequence is that their monotonous manipulations fatigue the eye. A gesture that illustrates nothing is worse than useless; it destroys the effect of really appropriate movements."

The following principles have been gleaned, for the most part, from Austin's "Chironomia," to which work teachers are referred for a full exposition of the subject of gesture.

The gracefulness of motion in the human frame, consists in the facility and security with which it is executed; and the grace of any position depends upon the ease with which it can be varied. Hence, in standing, the position is graceful when the weight of the body is principally supported on one leg, while the other is so placed as to be ready to relieve it promptly and without effort. . . . The foot which sustains the principal weight (usually the left) must be so placed that a perpendicular line, let fall from the pit of the neck, would pass through the heel, — the centre of gravity of the body being for the time in that line, while the other foot merely assists in preserving this position. The characteristics of a good attitude are, firmness, freedom, simplicity, and grace. The appearance of the orator should be equally removed from the awkwardness of the rustic, with toes turned in and knees bent, and from the affectation of the dancing master, whose position is the opposite extreme. The sustaining foot is to be planted firmly; the leg braced, but not contracted; the other foot and limb being relaxed, ready for immediate, though oftentimes almost imperceptible change and action.

All awkward habits should be carefully avoided: as, resting the weight of the body alternately on one foot and then on the other; swinging to

and fro; jerking the body forward at every emphatic word; keeping the elbows pinioned to the sides and sawing the air with one hand, with one unvaried and ungraceful motion. As gesture is used for the illustration and enforcement of language, it should be limited, in its application, to such words and passages as admit of or require it, frequent change giving the idea of anxiety or instability. A judicious speaker will not only adapt the general style and manner of action to the subject, the place, and the occasion, but even when allowing himself the greatest latitude, he will reserve the force and ornament of gesture for those parts of his discourse containing his boldest thoughts or most brilliant expressions.

As the *head* gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery. Its position should be erect and natural; for, when drooping, it indicates humility or diffidence; when thrown back, arrogance; when inclined to one side, languor or indifference; when stiff and rigid, a lack of ease and self-possession. — The *eyes*, which are of greatest importance in aiding the expression of the orator, should generally be directed as the gesture points, excepting when we wish to condemn, refuse, or require any object to be removed; in which case we should at the same moment express aversion in the countenance, and rejection by the gesture. — A listless, inanimate expression will always detract from the effect of the most eloquent sentiments, and the most appropriate utterance.

The bow of the speaker to his audience should be graceful and dignified, free from a careless, jerking abruptness, or from a formal, unnecessary flourish.

Some of the most frequent gestures, to which the various members of the body contribute, are as follow: —

The Head and Face. The *hanging down* of the head denotes shame, or grief: *holding* it *up*, pride or courage: to *nod forward* implies assent: to *toss the head back*, dissent: the *inclination of the head* implies bashfulness or languor: *it is averted* in dislike or horror: it *leans forward* in attention.

The Eyes. The eyes are *raised*, in prayer: they *weep* in sorrow: *burn*, in anger: they are *cast on vacancy*, in thought: they are *thrown in different directions*, in doubt and anxiety.

The Arms. The arms are *projected* forward, in authority: both arms are *spread extended*, in admiration: they are *held forward*, in imploring help: they both *fall suddenly*, in disappointment: *folded*, they denote thoughtfulness.

The arm, when not employed in preparing for the terminating act of gesture, should *never exhibit an angle at the elbow*, but be always freely extended, yet *without the rigidness of a straight line;* a moderate bending of the elbow being requisite to freedom and grace.

The Hands. The hand *on the head* indicates pain or distress; also thoughtfulness: *on the eyes*, shame: *on the lips*, an injunction of silence: *on the breast*, it appeals to conscience, or to the affections. It *waves*, or *flourishes*, in joy or contempt. *Both* hands are *held supine*, or *clasped*, in prayer both *descend prone*, in blessing: they are *clasped* or *wrung* in affliction. The *outstretched hands*, with the knuckles *opposite* the speaker's face, express fear, abhorrence, rejection, or dismissal; with the palms *towards* the face of the speaker, they denote approval, acceptation, welcoming, and love.

"The other parts of the body aid the speaker; these, I can almost say, speak themselves. By them, we ask, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, detest, fear, display joy, sorrow, doubt, acknowledgment, penitence, manner, abundance, number, time. Do they not excite? restrain? implore? approve? wonder at? express shame? Do they not obtain the place of adverbs and pronouns in pointing out places and persons? So that amid the great diversity of language among all races and nations, this appears to me to be the common speech of all men." — *Quintilian.*

The Body. The body, held *erect*, indicates steadiness and courage; *thrown back*, pride; *stooping forward*, condescension, or compassion; *bending*, reverence, or respect. *Prostration* indicates the utmost humility or abasement.

The Lower Limbs Their *firm* position signifies courage or obstinacy; *bended* knees, timidity, or weakness, — reverence: *frequent change*, disturbed thoughts. They *advance* in desire or courage; *retire*, in aversion or fear; *start*, in terror; *stamp*, in authority, or anger; *kneel*, in submission and prayer.

Motions *towards* the body indicate self-esteem, egotism, or invitation; *from* the body, command or repulsion; *expanding* gestures express liberality, distribution, acquiescence, or candor: *contracting* gestures, frugality, reserve, or collection; *rising* motions express suspension, climax, or appeal; *falling*, completion, declaration, or response; a *sudden stop* in gesture denotes doubt, meditation, or listening; a *sudden movement*, decision or discovery; a *broad* and *sweeping range* of gesture illustrates a general statement, or expresses boldness, freedom, and self-possession; a *limited range* denotes diffidence or constraint, or illustrates a subordinate point; *rigidity of muscle* denotes firmness, strength, or effort; *laxity*, languor or weakness; *slow* motions are expressive of gentleness, caution, and deliberation; *quick* motions, of harshness, temerity, haste, &c.

The principal lines of gestures are: —

The descending, used with great energy in strong assertion and vehement argumentation, in emphatic declaration and forcible appeal.

The horizontal, (the hand rising to a horizontal level with the shoulders,) appropriate in elevated and general thought or description, and in geographical and historical allusions.

The ascending, (the hand rising nearly to a level with the head,) expressive of sublimity of thought or feeling.

From these arise three others: —

The gesture *in front*, appropriately used in strong or emphatic statements, and terminating in the descending, horizontal, or ascending lines, according to the character of the thought and the language.

The gesture *oblique*, falling in an intermediate line between one drawn in front of the speaker's body, and one drawn from his side. This has neither the force of the gesture in front, nor the peculiarity of the gesture extended, terminating upward, downward, or horizontally, according to the nature of the sentiment expressed.

The gesture *extended*, (falling in a line with the side,) appropriate in the expression of ideas of extent and space, or forming the terminating point to a wave or sweep of gesture, in negation, rejection, &c., and closing in an upward or downward position, as before.

The movement or sweep of the arm, in preparing for gesture, should always be free and graceful, but *avoiding too much extent of space*, and performed in strict time with the movement of the voice in utterance. (In impassioned declamation, the gesture may immediately *precede* the utterance of the words.) The line of motion in gesture describes *a curve*, and avoids in all action but that of the humorous style, a confined or angular movement.

The frequency of gesture must be prescribed by the *character of the sentiment*, and the style of language, as moderate and plain, or impassioned and figurative.

All action must arise directly from the *sense of what is spoken, and never from arbitrary notions of variety or grace.* True variety is the result of a due observance of the preparatory and terminating lines of gesture; and grace consists merely in preserving these from awkward deviations.

The use of the left hand, whether singly or in conjunction with the right, depends not on arbitrary opinions of propriety or grace, but usually on necessity, felt by the speaker, either as regards himself or his audience. This form of gesture, as far as it is a matter of choice, *should be rarely adopted.*

Gesture should be *fluent and connected*, not abrupt and desultory, or appearing and disappearing in a capricious manner.

"A truly natural manner is free from local faults; it is formed on broad views and general principles; it is true to nature as a whole, — not to some confined or accidental part of it. It is enlightened by comprehensive judgment, and refined by pure taste. In claiming nature as our standard, we are too prone to forget that *habit* becomes a second nature, and that to judge correctly, we must see beyond its narrow limits, and reach to principles and laws everywhere applicable, and recognized by all cultivated minds."

SELECTIONS.

SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."— *Shakespeare.*

SPEECHES OF BRUTUS AND ANTONY, ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Bru. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause: and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, —Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. (*Several speaking at once.*)

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.
1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen, ——
2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake.
He find himself beholden to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans, ——
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man:
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. (*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcome the Nervii: —
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about, — seek, — burn. — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will; — let's stay, and hear the will

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O, royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit* Never, never: — Come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses
Take up the body.

1 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

From "*Rienzi.*" — *Mary Russell Mitford*

Friends!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame, —
But base, ignoble slaves! — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell — a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye, —
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks — a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,

That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? — Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? — Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet, this is Rome,
That sate upon her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again —
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS. *Sheridan.*

My brave associates, — partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! — can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love — a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride! They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited, and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: — The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and to die with the hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them, too, we seek no change, — and, least of all, such change as they would bring us!

PURPOSE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT. *Webster*

From "*Speech at the Laying of the Corner-Stone.*"

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that, if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate, where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of dis

aster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it and parting day linger and play on its summit.

UNION AND LIBERTY. *O. W. Holmes*

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw
Then with the arms to thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

THE END.

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